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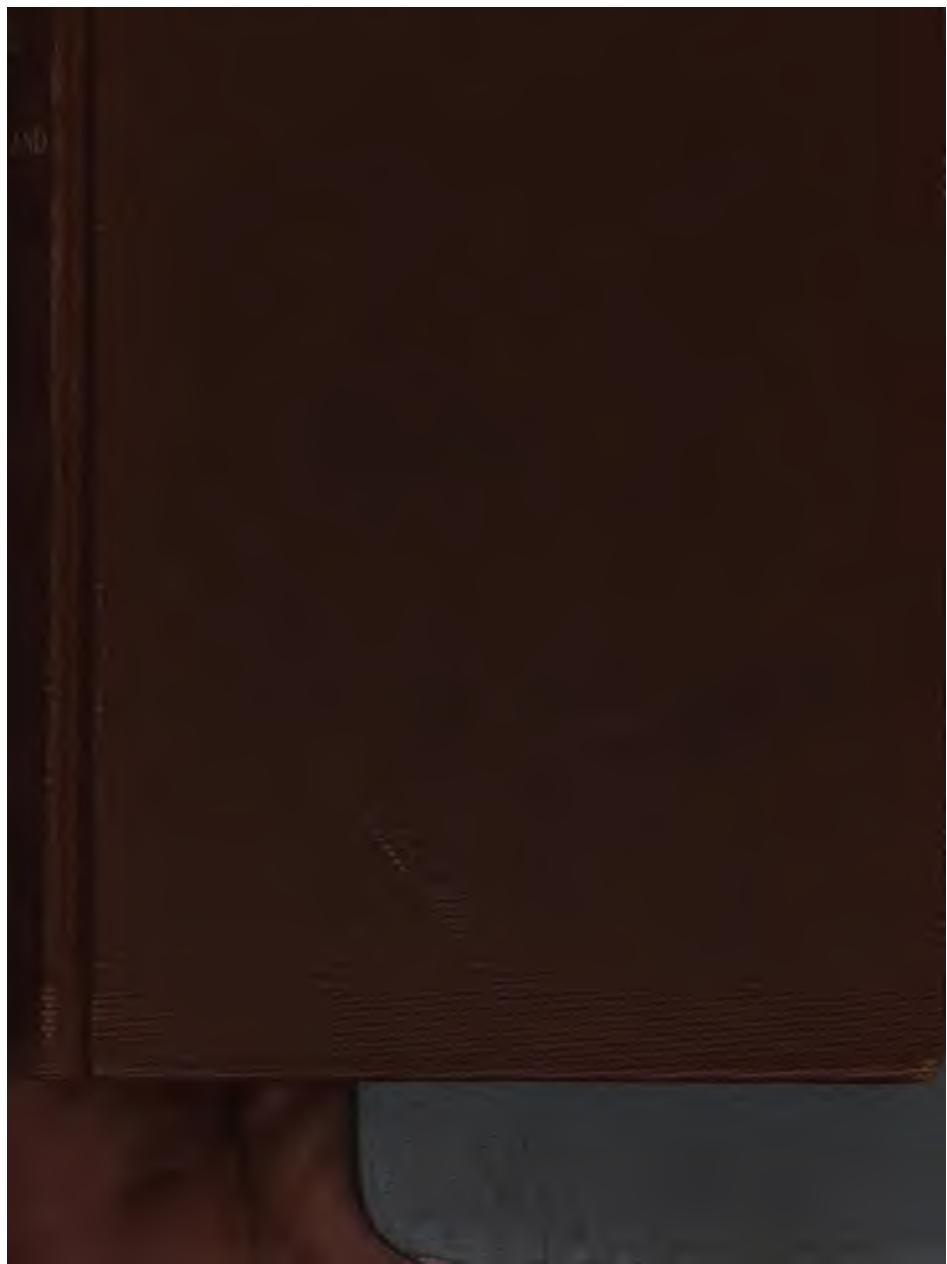
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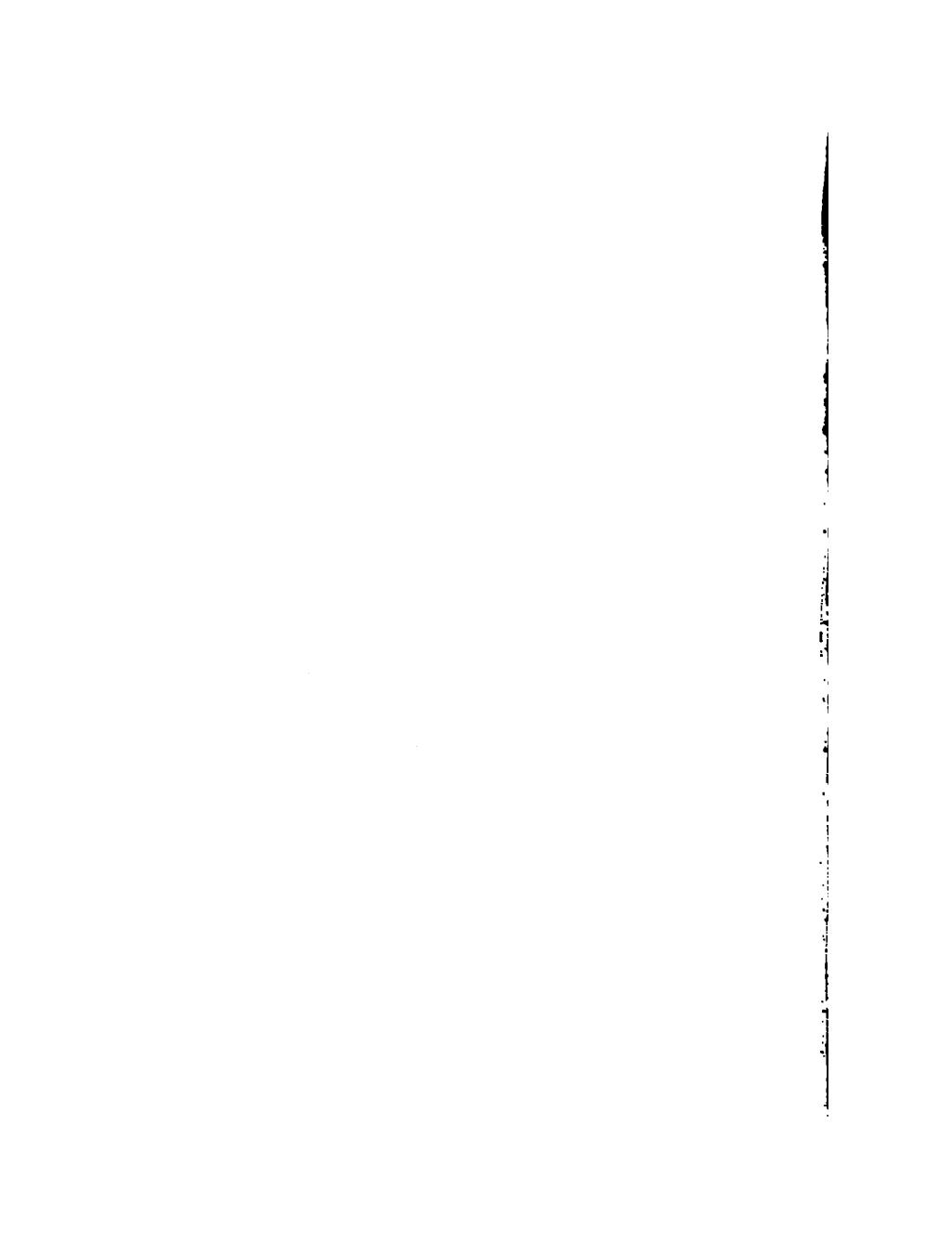


676

*The*  
*Gordon Lester Ford*  
*Collection*  
*Presented by his Sons*  
*Worthington Chauncy Ford*  
*and*  
*Paul Leicester Ford*  
*to the*  
*New York Public Library.*













# GREEN-WOOD:

A

## Directory for Visitors.

BY N. CLEAVELAND.

"The grave should be surrounded by every thing that might inspire tenderness and reverence for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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NEW-YORK:  
PUDNEY & RUSSELL, PRINTERS.

1857.

676

*The*  
**Gordon Lester Ford**  
*Collection*  
*Presented by his Sons*  
**Worthington Chauncy Ford**  
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**New York Public Library.**

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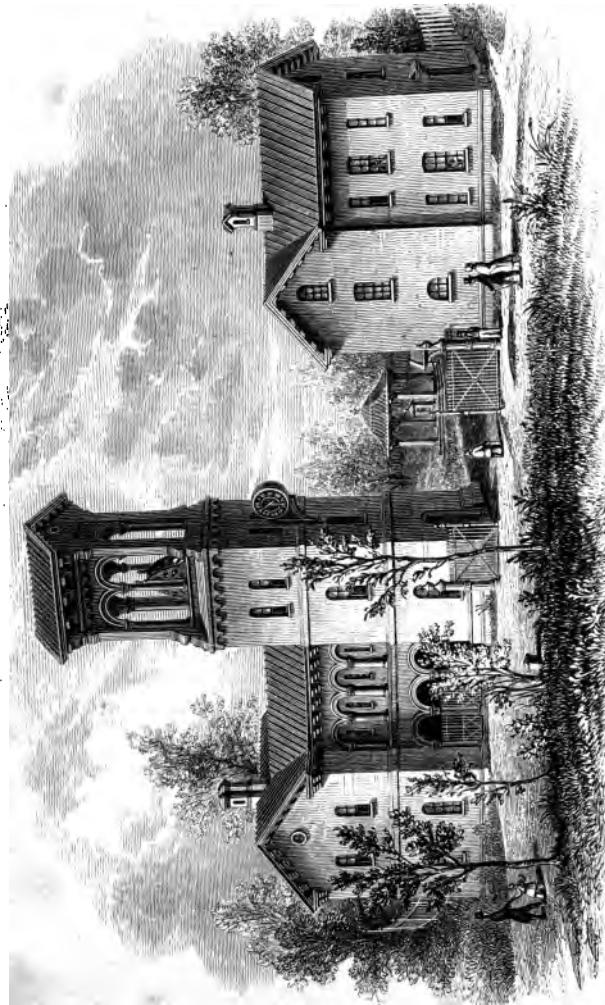
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# G R E E N - W O O D :

A

## Directory for Visitors.

BY N. CLEAVELAND.

"The grave should be surrounded by every thing that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation."

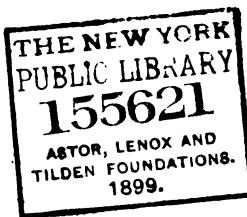
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N E W - Y O R K :

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, PRINTERS.

1857.



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Southern District of New-York.

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PART I.

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Directory for Green-Wood.

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## D I R E C T O R Y.

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You are about, kind Reader, to enter and explore a still, yet populous Village of the Dead. Through its labyrinth of roads and foot-paths—of thicket and lawn—you will need a guide. Take one that will be silent and unobtrusive, and not unintelligent.

You have reached, we will suppose, the broad vestibule of Green-Wood. It is yet new, but we can anticipate its future charms, when these young plantations shall have become a dense and towering mass of verdure. Note, upon the right, that well-house of chaste design, — worthy of the pure element which it freely offers.

The gate before you is guarded, on the left, by the Porter's Lodge—on the right, by a massive and commanding tower. A two-storied corridor connects the latter with a building which

contains offices for business, with a spacious and pleasant ante-room, where visitors going or returning can rest awhile. In the tower is a bell used for signals, and upon which the clock below strikes the hours. When more at leisure, you may find it pleasant to study in detail these harmonious and beautiful structures. One could wish, indeed, that the material were more substantial and lasting. But we cannot, at once, have every thing.

We are now within the enclosure — standing on the north-western corner of the cemetery ground. The view here is not unpleasing, and needs only that shading growth, which a few years will give. The small elliptical mound before us is reserved for some structure or symbolic group appropriate to the spot.

Let us now turn towards the left. A short walk brings us to the margin of *Sylvan Water*. This is a deep perennial pond of about three acres. The ground, except on the western side, is quite elevated; upon the north and east, it is steep as well as high. The little lake is

beautifully bordered by lofty trees and by shrubbery, whose leafy coverts are tenanted by numerous and various birds. This embowered expanse, with its sweet woodland music, its jet of flashing spray, and its mirrored beauties of trees and sky, is a pleasing image both of life and repose.

We will cross the bridge on the western side of this water. In front, a little to the left, is Mary A. Perry's lot and ornamented headstone. The small column next belongs to C. J. Gilbert. B. A. and A. F. Warren have a solid monument, which is surmounted by an urn, four-sided, heaped with flowers, and covered with a napkin. The small pyramidal column next is in memory of John Porter.

Upon our right is the small hillock called *Indian Mound*. Its monument commemorates a beautiful Indian girl. Dohumme was a chief- tain's daughter. Her father was a Sachem among the Sac Indians. Partly for business and partly from curiosity, a delegation of the Sacs and the Iowas, visited Washington and

the principal Atlantic cities. Dohumme accompanied her father. In the same band was a youthful Iowa chief. In the course of that long journey, these two young persons became attached to each other, and the marriage ceremony, in accordance with their own simple rites, was performed at Paterson, N. J. The new couple were handsome and graceful, and seemed most happy in their mutual regard. In the city of New-York they attracted much notice. Attentions—some of them, probably, most injudicious—were lavished upon them. Amid scenes and exposures, so unlike those to which she had been accustomed in her forest home, Dohumme took a violent cold; inflammation and congestion supervened, and death soon closed the scene.

A marble tablet, by Launitz, well expresses in relief the sorrow of the dusky warrior.

Immediately above the grave of **DOHUMME**, is another small mound, crowned also by a monument. It was reared by friends, to the memory of McDonald Clark, an unfortunate and



**McDONALD CLARKE.**  
The Tour—Poet's Mound.



**DO-HUM-ME.**  
The Tour—near Sylvan Water

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLICATION

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

lf-crazy bard. The small obelisk near has  
e name of Ernst Heinrich Brauer.

Let us now ascend the hill before us. While  
e carriage proceeds by the TOUR, along the  
stern side of the water, we prefer to walk  
ck and skirt its western shore by means of  
ake-side Path. Leaving Townsend's Chapel  
jh upon our right, and the neat workshop and  
gine-house, low upon the left, we pass into  
ivine and Acacia Paths, which soon bring us,  
ough not without a little climbing, to the sum-  
t of Oaken Bluff. And here, first, we  
tice on our left, the small obelisk of Mary  
toinette, wife of Lieut. Ellison; and next,  
the same side, the head-stones of Maria and  
ary Ann Fisk. At a short distance on the  
ht, are three stones near together. One was  
red for Mrs. Winifred Burke; one for  
xander Tayler; the third, for Francis De  
ninck. Nearly in front of these is the me-  
rial of Henry Mann, a child of four years;  
on it perches a marble bird. Again, upon

the left, is the headstone of Mary Jane Sharkey, and contiguous to it, a handsome, horizontal monument proclaims a widow's love for Carson Henry Kureman. Opposite to Sharkey, on the brow of the hill, is the grave-stone of Wm. Tyack, and back of Tyack, that of Thomas Morris, son of Robt. Morris, of Philadelphia, a name honorably connected with our country's history. The Carryl monument on the same side, and near the path, will attract notice by its magnitude and its ornaments. Those who take an interest in sculpture may see a specimen of the smallest kind on a stone in this inclosure. An angel holds a child and is *apparently* flying down. Note, also, those inscriptions—"Our dear mamma;" "Our dear Johnny." We shall see many more of the same sort, and we regret that they are becoming so fashionable. When only one or two such could be seen on the grounds, it might be deemed the simplicity of unaffected grief. Now they stare at us with every turn, and remind us that there is another kind of simplicity. Probably they



**MILES.**

The Tour—Oaken Bluff.



**BENEDICT.**

The Tour—Oaken Bluff.





**HOLMES.**  
Cliff Path—Sylvan Cliff.



**ANDERSON.**  
Cliff Path—Sylvan Cliff.



are to be found ready-made at the stone-cutter's. The truth is — and we must say it — they are not in good taste, and can be ascribed only to that tendency to "damnable iteration," with which, in all such matters, our countrymen seem to be afflicted. The Path now joins the TOUR, and turning to the left, we pass the marble monument of Mary Ann T. Giles. The small marble with top spreading ~~and~~ uncouthly bears the name of Rebecca Powell. A little farther on, upon the same side, is a large, brown-stone monument, erected by C. S. Benedict.

Immediately beyond, in the same line, is the tomb-front of Miles. It is in the Roman style, and of massive proportions. This façade has a strong pier at each of the front corners, surmounted by an urn. Walk now a few rods along Cliff Path, and contemplate at your delighted leisure the scene below. Here are several tombs — Juste Lanchantin and James W. Newton; James Anderson, M. D.; James E. Holmes; Philo L. Mills. In the last-named vault, the coffin niches are flush with

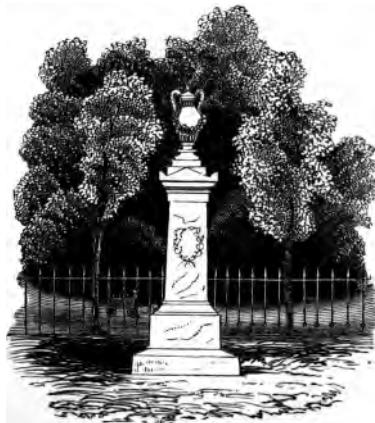
the front. Having come back to the corner we see in front a large vault with sand-stone façade and two arched door-ways. This is a neat erection, and will wear new charms when the roses now in training shall blush in beauty from its cornice. John A. Bunting and Joseph Fletcher have set up here their final resting-place. Next comes a marble tomb-front, so formed as to present a sunken cruciform panel. Two stanzas are written on the door. On the left, an escutcheon tablet bears the name of James R. Walter, and another on the right, that of Robert Walter.

Opposite to the Walters, on our left, stands the tomb of George W. Browne.

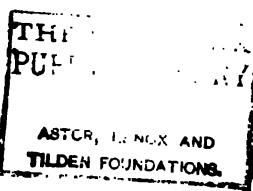
A mansion ! rear'd with cost and care,  
Of quaint device and aspect fair.  
Its walls in rocky strength secure,  
Its massive portal fast and sure ;  
And, all intrusion to foreclose,  
Reclining near in grim repose,  
Two guards canine forever wait,  
Cerberean warders of the gate.



BROWNE.  
The Tour—Sylvan Cliff.



THOMPSON.  
Edge-wood Avenue,



Hold fast, ye stones, your treasured clay,  
Though wasting ages roll away;  
Cling closely round the honored trust,  
Nor yield one particle of dust!  
Yet ye shall hear a voice at last,  
Quaking beneath a clarion-blast!  
Your dead shall hear that voice, and rise,  
And seek, on angel-wings, the skies!

The structure now in front of us demands more than a passing glance. It is a monumental Gothic tomb, in the early English style. Its roof rests upon an arch, and is covered with stone tiles, cut and laid diamond-wise. The front is gabled, and a quatrefoil, in relief, over the door, gives the date of the erection. The apex of the gable is enriched by a bold finial. At each corner is a supporting buttress, and the sides are still further sustained by abutting walls. This tomb-front, from a design by Upjohn, is one of the oldest erections in Green-wood. It has attracted much notice by its originality and beauty, and has been imitated elsewhere.

Above and beyond the tomb of Browne, the

visitor will notice an elliptical lot, surrounded by a young hedge of arbor vitæ. It belongs to the family of Col. Craven. Its contents are— 1st, An altar-shaped monument to Mary Craven. 2nd, Three neat head-stones; of these, two are of sandstone, and seem to lean trustingly against a cross of the same material. This cross is a good imitation of wood, when it has felt no tool but the hatchet. 3d, A very neat brown-stone monument, of oblong form. The roof is partly beveled. On the horizontal portion rests a sculptured book, across whose open leaves lies a small stone cross. At either end there is a small niche, the projecting foot of which rests upon a cherub-headed corbel. There was some shameful defect in the masonry here; the monument and the cross manifest a sad inclination to lie down.

Having passed, on the TOUR, Craven's monument, we perceive, on the right, the obelisk of Garret Bergen, one of the original owners of the ground in which he now sleeps. Near this, a brown stone gives us the name of Jacob

Cowenhoven and of nine Bergens. Pass soon, upon the left, a rude, unfinished, unnamed tomb, nearly opposite to which is the monument of Alexander Fink:— an open Bible is sculptured on its top, upon which a text is inscribed.

The TOUR now bends to the right. On the left, Mrs. Strodtchoff has a small marble obelisk. Then come two headstones, Maria B. Crommelin and Mrs. C. S. Shannon. Still farther, on the brow of the hill, a brown stone gives us the names of Louise Le Roy Veron Gardiner, of her son, Robert Sidney, and her daughters, Rosaline and Laura. We like Laura's epitaph. We turn, and pass soon after, the grave-stone of Mary C. Dike, who at the age of 21 died a violent death. A long poetic epitaph, full of blunders, informs us that she was not only 'a cherished sister,' and 'a parent's pride' but also 'a lover's hope' 'and an affianced bride.' Mark next the obelisk of Charles David, and then that of John R. Paxton, upon the front of which are several

symbols. Beyond John R. Paxton, is James S. Borcher's tribute to "My Susan." Persons of poetic taste can refresh themselves by reading the epitaph.

Again the TOUR bends suddenly — this time to the left. Before we turn, let us look, with some care, at the monument which rises from the high bank at the corner. This stone is the tribute of George Catlin, the distinguished delineator of aboriginal life, manners, and features, to the memory of Clara, his wife, who died in Paris, in 1845. Inserted in a die of head-stone of gray Parisian limestone, is a tablet of the finest statuary marble. Upon this is wrought in high relief, a female form with wings. She holds a stylus in her hand, and supports a tablet, on which she partly rests. It bears these words, taken, as we are informed, from her last letter to her friends — "Weep not for me, my friends, but strive through your only Redeemer, to come to me. Whatever may be thought of the expression given to the face, or of the general character



**CATLINE.**

*The Tour—opposite Glade Avenue.*



**VAN BRUNT.**

*The Tour—opposite Evening Dell*

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**CATLINE.**

The Tour—opposite Glade Avenue



**VAN BRUNT.**

The Tour—opposite Evening Dell



and merits of the design, it must be allowed that the chiseling is executed with much grace and delicacy.

Opposite Catlin's monument is the ornamented headstone of Jane Dietz. On our left is the lofty and elaborate pillar of Augusta Saltonstall Arcularius. It will attract and please many eyes. An humbler column in its rear denotes the grave of Rev. Geo. Burker, of St. George's Church, Flushing. Gilbert Bean, Caroline A. Hammond, Sarah Lummis and Maria L. Johnson, appear in succession on the same side.

Again the TOUR makes a sweep to the right. Before we turn, the bright, open view of the water and city, here presented, demands a moment's pause. Leaving on our left the large, circular lot of the Marvins and the Wessons, and the monuments of Geo. R. Barker and Thos. G. Conroy, we perceive, on the right, two obelisks, inscribed with the name of Bergen.

On the left, at the intersection with Magnolia Avenue, stands a marble monument, deco-

rated with quatrefoil paneling, with acorn pendants, with rosettes, crockets, and a finial. The proprietor is S. C. Herring. South-west from this point is the granite obelisk, of Henry Fisher and marble mementos of Emma Jane Tempest, Frances M. Groser, Josephine Runnell, Joshua Underhill, Sophie Prat, (a huge urn on a small pedestal,) Caroline — a gothic headstone, William H. and Adam S. Thompson, Eliza Hayes, David T. Lusk, Joanna Levengston, Arthur Adams, Harriet Cash, Williamson Richmond, Jervis, Greig, King, Mary S. Costa, Pasquale Pusseudu — an Italian, (a small obelisk with cross,) Margaret W. Adams. Of these the greater number are on the south-western declivity of Sunset Hill.

Passing now the entrance of Magnolia Avenue, we leave on the left a square monument, surmounted by obelisk and urn, and bearing the name of R. C. Smith, &c. John S. Bergen's marble monument stands in the centre of a large circular enclosure.

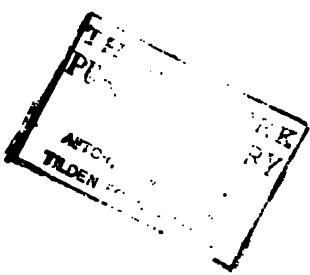
As we wind round with the TOUR, we



**BERGEN**  
The Tour—above Evening Dell.



**BERGEN.**  
The Tour—above Evening Dell.



leave upon our left a large rectangular enclosure. This lot contains three large monuments: Read, Van Brunt, and Wyckoff. The lines of low box-hedges within, show that a number of families have here made common cause; and the names of Van Brunt, Van Dyke, Polhemus, Cortelyou, and Tiebout, graven on the monuments, sufficiently denote the ancient and respectable race to which those families belong. Beyond these lots, to the west and north, are several monuments; Richard and Rachel Berry; infant children bearing the name of Seaman, a frenchified glass showcase; Charles Rogers; Henrietta M. Duncan and Georgiana M. Meynadier; Elvero Godone—with birds, dogs, vases, flowers and knick-knacks; Geo. and Mary Sloane; John Smith; Mary Timpson; David Sherry; Pilot and Jane A. Sherry, who lost her life on the Fulton Ferry; Geo. Gill—with an encaged bust. A few rods farther on, we come to Primrose Path, which will conduct the pedestrian through Evening Dell to Aspen Hill. The monument

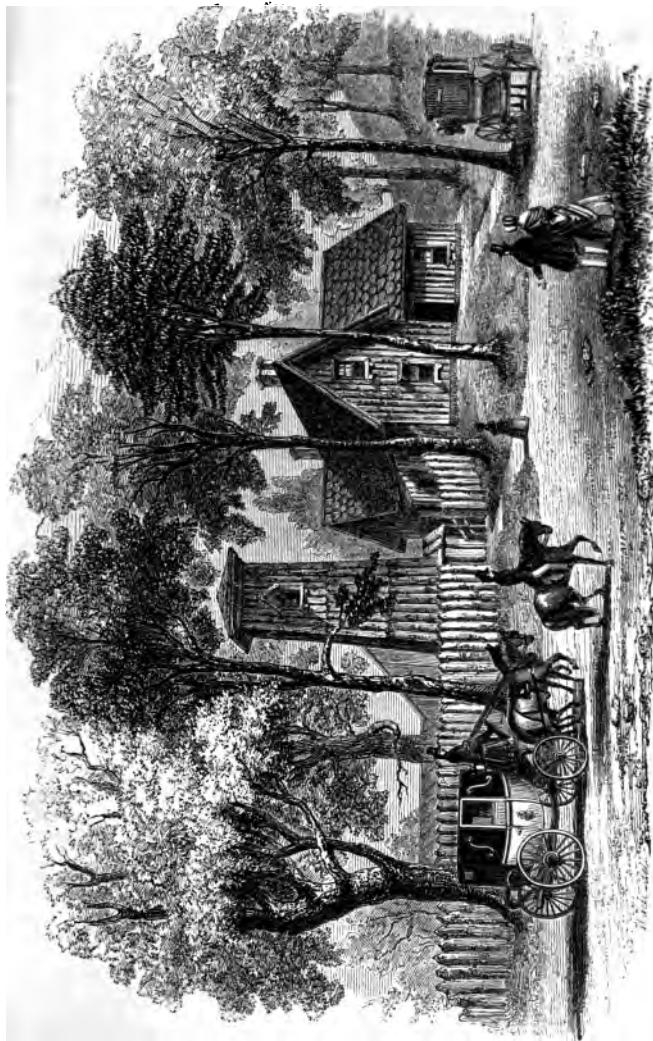
first seen, is that of Jacob Frank, who was his epitaph informs us, "the editor of the Public Advertiser." South-westerly from Frank, is the simple headstone of Major Bezelel Howe, a Revolutionary officer. He died in 1825, at the age of 75. Here turn to the left, taking Hill-side Path, and passing the small memorial of George, James, an Victoria Heather, with its sculptured lamp enter Lawn Avenue, which, by another left hand turn, brings us again to the TOUR. On the right is Edw. Clark's brown stone monument—on the left, the granite obelisk of Ora Owen. As we pass along by Valley Water, either in Path or Road, we may notice on our right, the head-stones of Prince, Va Cott, Henshaw and Whiting.—The TOUR next conducts us by Arbor Water, which, with the Receiving Tombs, lies below us on the right. On the left, Wood-skirt Path invites us to look at one of the public enclosures, where interments are made by those who, from choice or necessity, are unprovided with lots. Three

or four years ago this large corner was set apart for the purpose. It is now all planted with the dead. Its grassy heaps, uniform in size, and disposed with mathematical regularity, show in the distance like a well-tilled glebe under some peculiar culture. A single sweep of the eye takes in the whole—and with such glance of indifference many a passer-by dismisses the spectacle. But, shall we forget that this green field has all been sown “in tears?” Should we not remember that every tenant of this silent acre had his individual history? That each of these narrow beds has been surrounded by its own sad circle? And that over many of these small mounds affection still comes to weep, and plant its humble offering?

That rectangle, with fence of bars and brown-stone posts, belongs to the “Loge La Concorde.” French names and the words “Ici Repose,” on those little head-stones, mark the origin of the silent occupants. A similar plot,

adjacent and unenclosed, belongs to a Lodge of Germans.

Below us, on the right, is the GATE OF FUNERALS, with the Porter's Lodge and ante-room. Hard by, is a rustic cottage, which, from the first opening of the Cemetery, has been occupied by the attentive and obliging Keeper of the Grounds. The fidelity and propriety with which Mr. Scrimgeour discharges his numerous, and often delicate duties, are known to multitudes, and require no commendation at our hands. Near the Keeper's Lodge, is a rustic Bell-tower. A large and fine-toned bell, from the celebrated foundry of Meneely, in Troy, has lately been suspended in the tower, and has already entered on its "mournful office." These structures have been much admired for their simple and picturesque beauty, and have furnished frequent employment to both pen and pencil. The scenery, which surrounds and sets them off, is Nature in her loveliest dress.



THE KEEPER'S LODGE.

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Let us now pass up and look at this tall pillar standing near the bend of the TOUR.

A flower-bordered niche in the upper die, contains a bust of statuary marble. There is some emblematic sculpture on the face of the obelisk—an hour-glass and an open book.—The words, “My hope is in Jesus,” are seen on one page, and upon the other three ears of wheat. An urn, half shrouded in drapery, surmounts the shaft. Here repose Maria C. and Andrew R. Taylor, natives of Annandale, in Scotland.

Upon the opposite side, in a lot, as yet merely staked out, may be seen a mound, denoting a single grave, the resting-place of Dixon H. Lewis, for many years a distinguished representative in Congress, from the State of Alabama. Mr. Lewis died in New-York, and was interred here by his own request.

For a more particular notice of Mr. Lewis, see Part II., page 3.

We will now leave the TOUR, and descend

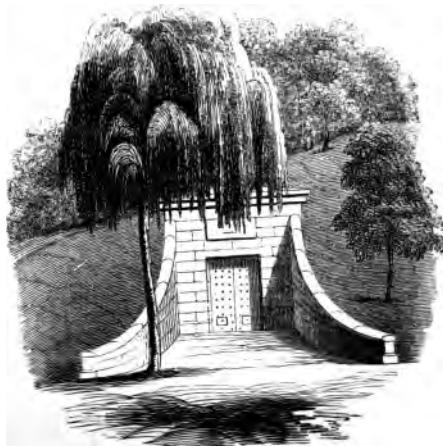
by Willow Avenue to the Receiving Tomb.— This is a wide vault, which runs far into the hill. Each of its eight apartments is supplied with shelves, and closed by a door, which opens into a commodious passage-way. This tomb is appropriated to the temporary reception of the dead.

Willow Avenue conducts us to the TOUR, from which we instantly turn up Central Avenue, keeping to the left. Here, at the intersection, upon the north-western corner of Strawberry Hill, stands an obelisk, on which we read the name of Quin. A short square pillar with beveled top, gives the name of Chalkley Collins, M. D., æt. 24. He died in New-York of the Cholera, in 1849. Just beyond, on the left, a small head-stone bears the names, Willie and Emme. Then there is a memorial to Charles N. and John C. Pease.

The monument of Crawford Livingston will at once arrest the eye. It stands near the intersection of Central Avenue with the TOUR.



**GRAHAM.**  
The Four-corner of Willow Avenue.



**RECEIVING TOMB.**  
Willow Avenue

ASTOR, TILDEN AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

The material is New-Jersey sandstone, in two pieces—the upper one of which is a noble and massive block. The western end, which we first see, contains a raised Greek cross with ring, in a round, sunken panel.—Upon the southern side, is the name, with a Scripture text. The eastern end presents, beneath a wreath, the Livingston arms. Its crest — a galley and helmeted head; its motto, “*Spero meliora.*”\* All over this impressive monument, durability seems to be written indelibly. Upon the right, we leave the elaborate brown-stone monument of Ira Burdge, and a short, rectangular pillar with hemispherical top, which denotes the burial-place of William H. Ireland. The marble monument next beyond, with a wreath-crowned urn, is sacred to a young mother: “Mary Eliza Bayles.”

Proceeding northerly, we soon perceive a monument of peculiar character erected by Samuel Bowne. It stands on our left, in a

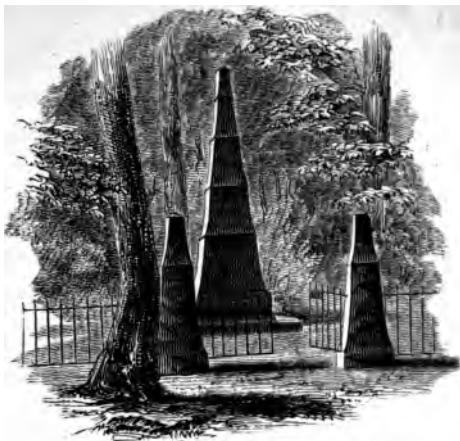
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\* I hope for something better.

circular enclosure, well shaded by lofty chestnuts. The material is the dark, Staten Island sienite. It is an obelisk, rising from a broad base, by successive steps of gentle curvature. Though of adamantine hardness, the surface of the stone is finely polished; and so solid is the structure, so perfect the masonry, that it bids fair to stand as long as anything shall stand.

We now proceed by Bay-side Avenue, up the eminence called Fern Hill. At the turning, notice, on the left, John Horsburgh's tall obelisk. Beyond this a head-stone bears a four-sided urn, and the names of Robert and Helen M. Russel. Still farther on are the memorials of John Wagner, of C. Moller, and of Claus Peter Carms.

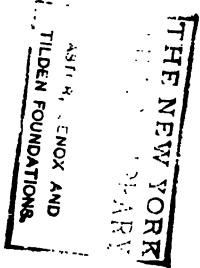
Upon the left, a circular lot is made conspicuous, by its large brown-stone monument. It is, in form, an altar tomb. At its western end, a door opens into a cell, sufficient for the reception of a single coffin. Upon each of the longer sides, are four escutcheon tablets,



**BOWNE.**  
The Tour—Fern Hill.



**BAYLES.**  
The Tour—Fern Hill.



which rest upon decorated panels. One of these is already inscribed with the name of "Mary Sharp, wife of William L. Schenck," and another with that of Abm. Remsen. The lettering on these tablets is admirably done.

As we proceed, we leave on the right the obelisks of Covert and Aldrich and McKoon; also, the tomb of Berwick — and another one, adjoining, of brick and cobble-stone — and Christina Sharp's small head-stone on the left.

A double tomb, with ornamental balustrade, bearing the names of Hurd and Coles, is close by. Each apartment is surmounted by a monument. An outer door of open iron-work, allows partial view of the interior. The coffins are placed on shelves at the end, and sealed up. Next comes Boyd's tomb, and as we stand before it, the view which is here presented will delay us a moment. In the south-west, we discern a portion of the bay, a part of Staten Island, and the blue hills of Jersey. In the west, we also catch glimpses of the bay, with sail and steamer, and beyond, still

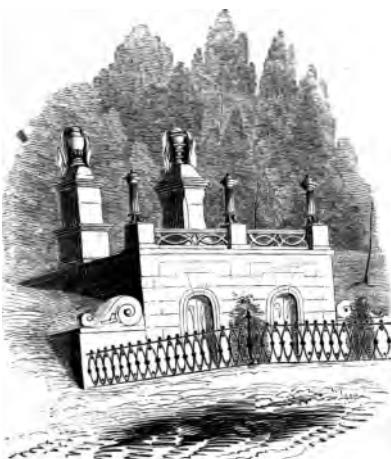
loftier heights. In the north-west lies South Brooklyn; and beyond, are seen the spires of New-York projected on the dark, green heights of Hoboken and Weehawken. Withdrawing now the eye from these distant glories, let it rest, delighted, upon Arbor Water, and its sparkling jet, the Graham monument, the winding pathway, and the Keeper's Lodge, as they are dimly revealed amid the openings in the foliage.

We pass successively the tomb of Tyson and Roberts, and that of Lispenard Stewart. Then we come to a double tomb-front of rusticated brown-stone. This is one of the oldest erections, and bears the names of Unkhart and Kobbe.

Next, upon the same side, is a tomb with small inclosed yard, a door of open work, a monument, &c. The name of Cany appears above the door. Turning now towards the left, we have before us the enclosure of Cortelyou, and of Clarkson Crolius. South from Cortelyou and Crolius, a little way down Landscape Avenue, there is a long rectangular enclosure.



SCHENCK.  
Bay-side Avenue—Fern Hill



HURD—COLES.  
Bay-side Avenue—base of Bay-Grove Hill.

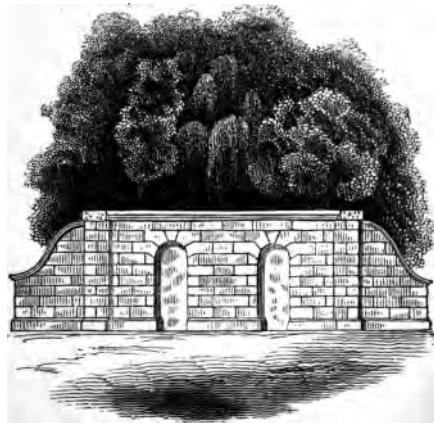
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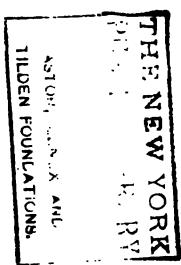
**STEWART.**

Bay-side Avenue—base of Bay-Grove Hill.



**UNKHART.—KOBBE.**

Bay-side Avenue—base of Bay-Grove Hill.

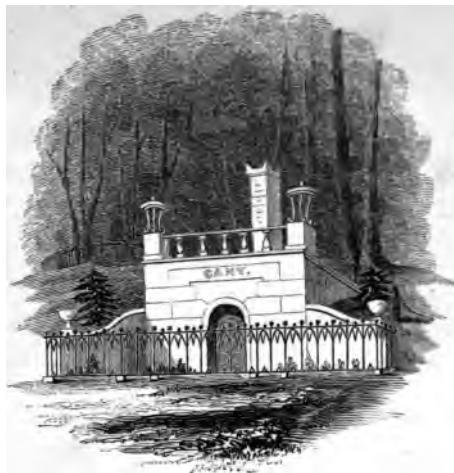


The first monument is John Moran's. The next is William Jackson's, an Englishman. "Mother Betsey Dunley" claims the third—and the fourth stands over the dust, of William Williams and his mother Anna. As Williams was a foreigner by birth, the uncouth wording and spelling of the epitaph must be excused. And again, upon the right, is a tomb-front with urns below, and with emblems above, of African or Asiatic origin. C. S. Benson is the name above the door. The next in order, is a modification of the Egyptian style, and is the tomb of Taggard.

Before we turn into Bay-side Dell, we must look for a moment at the tall obelisk before us. The inscription tells us that this stone was erected to the memory of William Burbank, a native of Massachusetts, who perished on Fisher's Island, in the wreck of the steamer Atlantic, on the awful night of November 27, 1846. The visitor will not be sorry to learn that the head and face, represented in relief upon the shaft, are said to bear little resem-

blance to the lamented individual whose ashes lie below. As to the similitude of the pictured steamer, he can judge for himself.

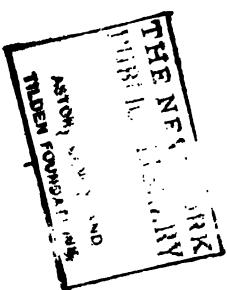
Directly opposite to Burbank's monument, is "Little Howard's" head-stone and lamb. As we proceed into the beautiful hollow, called Bay-side Dell, Leavenworth, Low, and Thomas Mook, are on our left, and upon the right is Huibertus Van Bokkelen. This is a monument of clouded marble, surmounted by a cross. A niche in front is occupied by a figure in relief, designed for the Savior. Back of these is M. Martin's marble vault—an Egyptian front—and Lee's, of brown stone. Keeping to the left we pass the family tomb of Wm. M. Halsted and David Johnson, denoted by twin columns of fluted marble, and the obelisk of Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, erected by the American Institute of the City of New-York. See Part II, page 97. Mayor Mickle's costly tomb is next. Then a large granite tomb appears, with sides inclined, and with columns, ornaments, and emblems, such as may still be

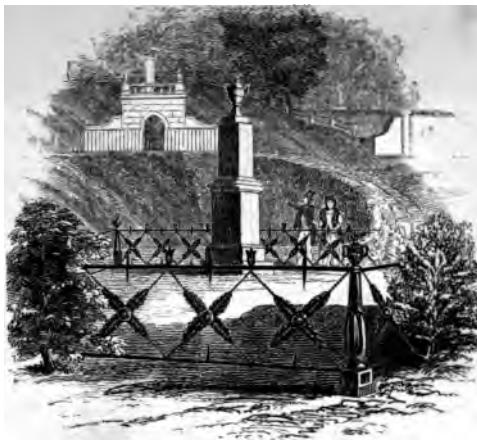


**CANY.**  
Bay-grove Hill.



**BENSON:**  
Bay-Grove Hill.

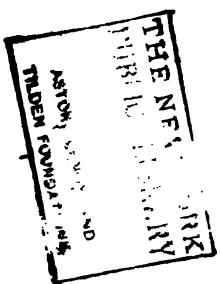




**CORTELYOU.**  
Bay-side-Avenue—opposite Bay-Grove Hill.



**BURBANK.**  
Bay-side Avenue—near Bay-side Dell.

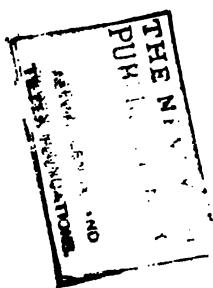




**TAGGARD.**  
Bay-Grove Hill.



**DAVIE.**  
Bay-side Avenue—Bay-side Dell.



seen on the banks of old Nile. Conspicuous in front, is the name of Johnston.

How graceful the outline of corners and door, in that small piece of masonry which next meets our eye, and which forms the tomb of Cairns. Willoughby, Duffield, Thomas, McBrair, are next in succession.

The large lots in which the tombs of Johnston and Cairns are situated, are surrounded by an iron fence, which pleases us beyond any other in the Cemetery. Its small, round palisades, are terminated by the Lotus flower, either shut or open.

Without attempting to examine any of the interesting objects which lie above and beyond this pleasant Dell, let horses and carriage now return, as they came, to the entrance of Sycamore Avenue. Meanwhile, we who can climb, will ascend the beautiful eminence of Bay-grove Hill, taking the path which opens between the tombs of McBrair and Davie.— From the top, give first a panoramic glance at the surrounding scenery, not forgetting the more

distant beauties which are discovered through occasional openings in the grove. Mark next, the handsome circle which occupies the western extremity of this bluff. It contains the tombs of Jacob, and Jacob R. Le Roy.

In one of these repose, at present, the remains of De Witt Clinton; an act of justice to this great man's memory has at length been performed. A bronze statue of colossal size will soon rear its majestic front on this eminence, to show that greatness and goodness are not unappreciated, and that gratitude is not extinct among us. The work is in the process of casting at Ames' celebrated foundry in Springfield. We saw this great statue in the clay—and confidently anticipate the time when it will be acknowledged and admired as one of the most effective and imposing works of modern art. It is the production of Henry Kirke Brown. See Part II., page 112.

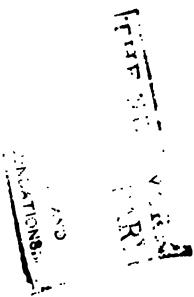
The tall monument now before us stands over the family vault of Lewis Curtis and



**CAIRNS.**  
Bay-side Avenue—Bay-side Dell.



**JOHNSTON.**  
Bay-side Avenue—Bay-side Dell.



Joseph D. Beers. The altar-formed monument in the next lot bears the name of Wm. McLeod.

We will proceed in an eastern direction.— The large obelisk on the left stands over the remains of Chester Clark. Opposite, on the right, but below our feet, is the double tomb of Libby and Lovejoy. David Leavitt is the proprietor of a large circular lot which is next seen upon the left. It contains, as yet, no monument. Immediately south of it are the brown headstone of Rev. Alexander Denham, and the marble obelisk of Virginia Mingary. The latter, a child of ten years, lost her life, Nov. 20, 1851, in that dreadful catastrophe (the result of causeless fright,) which befell Ward School No. 26. Here the path turns southwardly, and we descend the hill. The large headstone on our left, with its vase of flowers, denotes the grave of Maria Hall Tripler. Rachel Collyer, Marquis C. Sebring, and Dolerval Shumway occupy the next lot below. The two large marble obelisks pertain to A. and J. W. Bowden. Directly opposite

is Finch's monument. This is made conspicuous by its sculptured angel. Let us examine it. The base and die of veined marble support a small sarcophagus, bearing the name of Finch. At the eastern end of this sarcophagus, stands a small, angelic figure. The right hand holds a partly opened roll, on which are the words, "For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." The work was executed by Launitz.

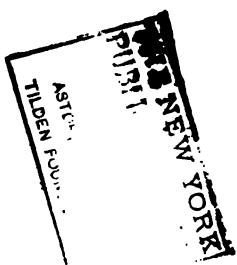
Midmer's monument is south of Finch's. It is a fluted sandstone column, with outline slightly concave, and is surmounted by a decorated capital and by an urn. Moving westwardly, we pass, on the left, the lot of the late Thos. J. Chew, formerly of the U. S. Navy, with several memorials. Above this rises Campbell's tall obelisk. Next stand the head-stones of Waring and Bill. Geo. A. Hicks and his daughter Caroline are just beyond. The small obelisk on the north has the name of Anne E. Stringer.

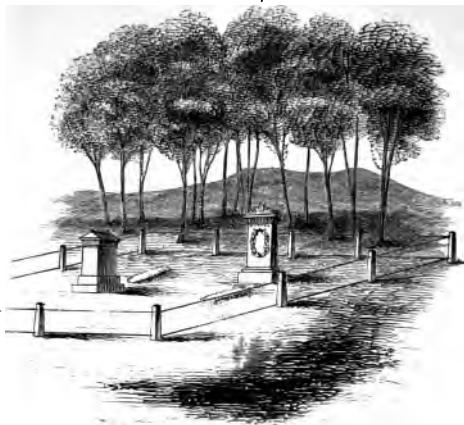


**FINCH.**  
Chestnut Hill.

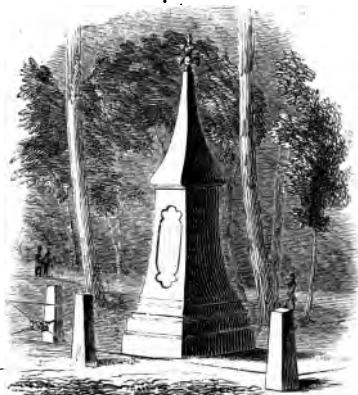


**MIDMER.**  
Chestnut Hill.

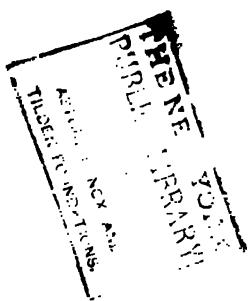




WARING. BILL.  
Chestnut Hill.



HALLIDAY.  
Chestnut Hill.



On the tier next below, we find memorials of C. Haining, of John Brock, of the wife and daughter of Rev. Samuel E. Cornish, of George W. of George and of Olivia Hughes, and of John D. Halliday.

Till farther down the hill, observe that singular monument on short pillars. Arnold Francis Wainwright, M. D., from Grafton Major, in England, died in New-York by the bite of a rattle-snake. Next is the head-stone of Mrs. Boothby, and the monument of George Eton, an Englishman. On the southern face of this stone, a mourning sister appears in noble relief. Beneath the figure, are the words, "My Brother." The name of Gooden Hall is graven on that imitation of a column. In the same lot are memorials of Martha T. and Mary Endicott, of Everett R. Bradley, and George Endicott. The last contains a round tablet with sculptured figures. The emancipated soul ascends, comfortably seated on the heads and shoulders of two small cherubs. Notice, also, a small

obelisk standing over the remains of Sarah Eliza Lewis.

Let us now advance along Sycamore Avenue, or in the path by its side. The obelisk on the right, just passed, is that of George S. Lothian. The next is a memorial of Margaret Gray. Opposite to this is the lot and yet nameless marble of Anna M. Klein,—beyond which lie the lots of Richardson, Low, Rusher, and McCormick. Jona. Parnham and Thomas Warwick are inscribed on the sandstone monument next seen. Two small stones beyond Blossom Path, mark the graves of Robt. C. and Uretta A. Dunn. The marble monument on the north, which makes quite a show with its wreath and vase of roses, is a tribute reared by the widow of Joseph Smalley. A smaller stone in front of it contains some ungrammatical lines. We will now leave Smalley on the right and follow Berry Path. Near Blossom Path, is the small neat monument of Ann Eliza Depew. Notice now two monuments on the left, of sombre color. The more



**MITCHELL-LYON.**  
Chestnut Hill—near Cornus Avenue.



**BRUSH.**  
Near Valley Mound.

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northerly of these two monuments, is of fine red sandstone, and is well wrought. Its main defect consists in the number of pieces—a defect which is apt to be fatal in a climate like ours, and which cannot be too sedulously avoided. It is inscribed with the name of Margaret Crosbie Currie. The stone below is a Gothic arch, with inserted panel, and bears the name of Margaret Lang McE. Both of them were natives of Scotland. The headstone opposite is for Cornelia, daughter of Dr. Hallock. Next in the tier above are the small stone of A. C. Field, Clendenen's tall marble, and the granite obelisk of the Graydons. In front of this lies Capt. John Heath, and next, on the same side, Sophia, wife of Dr. A. Upham. A small obelisk on the right preserves the names of James Davidson and wife, natives of Scotland, and of Robert L. Schepmoes. The small table monument is Alexander Ruden's, who came from Amsterdam, in Holland, to die in America. Then we pass the short twin obelisks of Lyons and Mitchell.

Immediately above these, on the north side of the path, is one of the lamb monuments, put up for Maria Wilhelmina Kayser.

Leaving the entrance of *Cornus Avenue* on our left, and on the right the head-stone of *Caroline A. Dugan*, we are again in *Sycamore Avenue*, and may notice a small fractured column. It has a curtained niche and a small figure in relief. It is the memorial of *Thomas Stokes* and wife. *John Stewart*, *Henry Taylor*, *Sarah E. Laird*, and *Elizabeth*, daughter of *Rev. John C. Green*, may be found on the right. *William Barker*, *Matthew Bird*, *James McCullough* and *William E. Bird* succeed each other on the left. Then come the elaborate tombs of *Morgan* and *Wood*, and *Gilman's* marble house. We very soon find ourselves before the obelisk of *Mary Jane Barker*. In order to give a cheerful look to the enclosure, the urns upon the fence-posts have been painted white. Still following this Avenue, as with gentle curve it blends with the *TOUR*, we pass, successively, the tombs of *Lewis*, of *C. V. B.*



**ROOME.**

Base of Chestnut Hill—near Pine Avenue.



**GOADBY.**

Base of Chestnut Hill—near Green-bough Avenue.



Ostrander, of W. B. Vanvoast, Edward Roome, and of John E. Hyde. On the right we have passed the monuments of Anna Smith, of Elenor Dare, and of Emeline F. Snow. The small obelisk next is "A cenotaph memorial of 'J. P. G.' Caritatis exemplar insigne, comesque valde defendus." The Rev. J. Parsons Greenleaf, at the age of 24, died at sea in 1843. Next, we see the brown monument of Eliza Cassedy, ~~and~~ nearly opposite the headstone of Francis E. Beers. Beyond this is the monument of William Goadby. It is a frustum of a pyramid, having a scroll-adorned capital, which sustains a vase of flowers. The work was executed in Italy—with what special advantage it might be difficult to say. On a stone opposite is the name of Mary Lee. Here is a profound aphorism, which we commend to those who can understand it. Behind Mary Lee rises a marble obelisk to the memory of Dr. Ezra Wood.

Just beyond, upon the right-hand side, stands a monument on the lot of Chester Jenings.

It is a square, tapering pillar, terminating in a bold, plain concave capital, on which rests a four-winged Egyptian globe. John T. Duryee's monument is a small obelisk on the left, next to which stands the large memorial of Bartolome M. Picabia, a native of Corunna in Spain. Both sides of this monument and one side of the smaller stone present figures sculptured in relief. The latter is the memorial of Ann Andrews. Twelve exquisite lines are engraved beneath the name of Lita M. Picabia.

Having disposed of these objects, we are at liberty to contemplate the remarkable structure that stands before us. None who see it need be told that it is the monument of

#### CHARLOTTE CANDA.

The celebrity which this elegant and elaborate mausoleum has already gained, and the wide and deep interest that has been excited by it, are not surprising. The extent and magnificence of the work, the variety and richness of

its details, its significant and symbolic sculpture, its profusion of ornament—in fine, its lavish beauty, and ungrudging expense, could not fail to make it an object of strong attraction. But there was more than this. In it were seen the records of a grief too vast for utterance. It was felt to be the cheerful, though unavailing tribute of parental love, to virtues and graces of which, alas! the memory alone remains. To all hearts it has spoken of youthful loveliness, and rare accomplishments, and bright hopes, suddenly and forever extinguished.

The Gothic tablet before the gate is inscribed on both sides. Its emblems explain themselves. The poetic epitaph is divided, and may be considered as beginning on the north front.

So vanishes that meteor fair,  
The morning cloud, in empty air:  
So flits on vapory wing away,  
The diamond dewdrop from the spray:  
So fades—so falls—the opening rose,  
Snapped, timelessly, before it blows:

So sinks from sight Eve's golden star,  
Lost in the watery depths afar.  
Yet still does the fair planet burn;  
Not hopeless is our Charlotte's urn:  
In God's own morn her orb will rise  
Once more—a star of Paradise.

There is so much of minuteness, of variety, and of meaning, in the multitudinous details of the monument, that it needs, for its elucidation and ready comprehension, an exact and particular description. Such a description will be found in Part II., page 15.

Let us now ascend to Mossbank Path and wind with it up the side of Chestnut Hill. Here below us are the vaults of Charles Moran, M. Duffy, T. Tompson, and Geo. Richmond. We pass soon the memorials of Daniel W. Oakley and Agnes Thompson. The path here ascends to the Tour, and we take the left. Stop at this short pillar, surmounted by a Grecian lamp. Samuel D. Scudder was born in the island of Ceylon, where his father has long been a devoted

missionary. He was educated at Rutgers College, in New-Jersey, and was preparing to return and join his father in his work of holiest love, when death arrested him at the age of 22. His academic brothers, who admired and loved him as a youth of the highest scholarship and excellence, reared this column to his memory. Having gained the summit of this eminence, we will make the circuit of its crown, keeping the centre on our left. First, upon our left, we remark the small headstone of John Johnston, and then, upon the same side, the red sandstone monument of Duncan McEwing. This is a short, but handsome columnar structure, with curved, projecting tablets for epitaphs.

## RICHARDSON.

Mark now the singular effect produced by that dark, rough pillar, which you can just see through the shrubbery, amid which it rises. From its rude simplicity, one might almost take it for the solitary relic of some Druidical

circle, had Druids ever ruled in our primeval forests. A sunken panel on the western side contains a bust in relieveo. The coarse and striated structure of the stone, gives to this well-cut face a peculiar aspect, not out of keeping with the antique-looking mass.

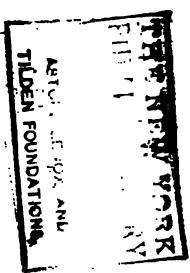
Standing by this stone, surrounded by flowering dogwoods, and beneath the shade of these lofty chestnuts, we get another, but pleasing view of the Canda monument. Next, on the right, we notice the enclosure of John Nitchie and Zechariah Lewis; the former, long and well known as Treasurer of the American Bible Society; and the latter, intimately associated with most of the benevolent operations of his time. An obelisk of the usual form bears the name of Lewis. That of Nitchie is a three-sided, acicular pyramid, with truncated summit. The Rev. William Beale Lewis, a son of Zechariah, was a Presbyterian clergyman, and for several years the respected Pastor of a church in Brooklyn. He died in 1849, at the age of 37. His monument stands before



**HODGKINS.**  
The Tour—Chestnut Hill.



**RICHARDSON.**  
The Tour—Chestnut Hill.



you. His infant children sleep in one corner of the lot, their bed being denoted by a small obelisk.

Opposite to these, upon the right, is seen the monument of George Hurlbut, late of Brooklyn; an excellent man, who was suddenly called from the activities of business and of benevolence, to the rewards and joys of a higher sphere. The resting place of an infant child is denoted by a low marble lectern, which supports an open Bible. Upon one page is the name "Sophie;" on the other, the words, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." A little below may be seen a small stone on which reposes the carved image of a sleeping child. The name beneath it is Horton.

Just back of these lots, towards the east, rises the marble obelisk of Childs. It is surmounted by an urn. Niches on opposite sides contain profile busts of Col. H. W. Childs, and of Dr. S. R. Childs. These are said to be likenesses. The Colonel rests beneath the monument—but the Doctor yet lives to contemplate his own physiognomy in stone. Here

repose Jane C. Hays, the Colonel's wife; Nancy Wadham's child; Geo. M. Buel and wife, and Phebe Ann Childs, wife of the Doctor. Eliza Sharpe, Sara Maria Zimmerman and her children, Susan Kirkland, and John Stephenson, are sleeping near this spot.

As we proceed along the Tour, we pass D. Afflick's small gray pillar and Duncan McEwing's brown one. Beyond these is the memorial of James and Anna Osborn—marked by its urn in drapery;—and that of Emma T. Hodgkins. In the epitaph beneath the urn of Emma, a husband apostrophizes his buried love in the pensive fancies of Arviragus.

On the declivity below us, and just beyond Cornus Avenue, stands the well-executed headstone of Catharine Paige, and close by is Eddie's grave, on which we have another angel and child *descending*. The large monument on the upper side of the Avenue, bears the names of Mrs. Mary, of Sarah F. and Julia H. Cooper. In the same range further west is Susan Johnson's headstone and David

S. Browne's obelisk. W. K. Pendleton is on the Tour. His highly-decorated monument to the memory of his wife, may be distinguished by its carved lion-faces. The next lot is James W. Elwell's. It contains two small stones — the tokens of his filial and paternal love, while a large and very elaborate monument proclaims the husband's grief. This is a marble structure of Gothic design. In the niche above stands a winged figure in relief — with features meant for sad, but which are only stupid. It holds a harp, with square strings, large as bed cords, one of which, fortunately, is broken. To make the matter worse, an ungrammatical epitaph is cut below. The adjoining headstone is Eliza W. Robinson's.

Here the Tour proceeds southwardly beneath an ancient and spreading chestnut, under which is a memorial to Frances, wife of A. D. Fenton. And see before us, on the left, the small obelisk of James Lilly, and the larger one of Julia Porter. Soon, upon the

right, where Highland Avenue intersects the TOUR, may be seen the monument of Sullivan.

From the top of the sarcophagus proceeds a cross. This emblem, for some reason, unknown to us, is placed obliquely. That marble which you see to the east of Sullivan bears the name of Wm. J. Turney. Passing by the entrance of Highland Avenue, observe on the left a head-stone with small cross. It is Francoise Zelio Caffe's. The first monument on the right was erected by J. T. Fisher and C. G. Bird. Upon the cap of a plain die are some hieroglyphic emblems. The opposite sides of a massive urn are occupied by female figures.—These statuettes are nearly alike—both are sitting, and each holds a lachrymatory. The execution is good.

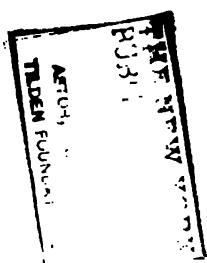
Close by this, an eight-sided marble pyramid, encircled by a fillet near the top, is “Dedicated by Joseph B. Close, to his wife, Eliza S. Kelso.” The names of A. E. Bushnell, and of Abigail M. Huntoon, may be read on two small head-stones. Just in the rear



**SULLIVAN.**  
The Tour—near Battle Hill.



**FISHER.      BIRD.**  
The Tour—Battle Hill.



of these, a slender obelisk preserves the name of Susan W. Wallace. Near this, a short marble monument stands unenclosed, in a plot belonging to the New-York University. It is a tribute paid by the Rector, masters and pupils of the Grammar School connected with that institution, and also by other friends, to John Leckie, a native of Peebles, in Scotland, and the first classical head-master of said school. The epitaph commemorates his scholarship and his virtues. The circular enclosure of Chas. G. Bartling is now below us on the left. It contains several stones.

The next lot, on the right, with its emblematic fence and neat monument, is the final harbor of James T. Leonard, late a captain in the United States Navy. Read the epitaph. Nor is Leonard the only one, who, after having been honorably engaged in the public service of his country, has, at length, found a peaceful resting-place on this beautiful and commanding spot.

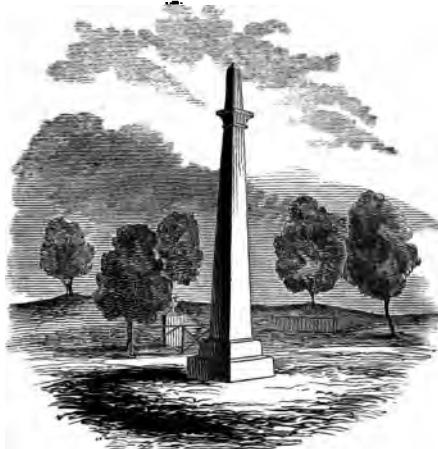
## THE VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

Mark where, a little south of the ~~TOUR~~, seven graves appear, disposed in the form of a cross. They contain the mortal remains of Colonel Charles Baxter; of Captains Barclay and Pearson; of Lieutenants Chandler, Gallagher, Kleine, and Forbes. With the exception of Lieutenant ~~Forbes~~, these all died in Mexico, and while engaged in the volunteer service of the United States. Mr. Forbes went out to recover and to bring home the bodies. In the execution of this melancholy errand, he had reached New-Orleans, upon his return, when fever seized and carried him off.

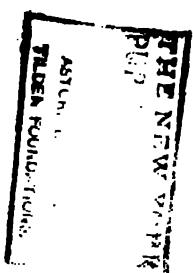
On the 12th of July, 1848, the bodies of these brave men, (Kleine's excepted,) were conveyed through the principal streets of New-York, accompanied by an immense procession, and with all the affecting and solemn pomp which military usages impart to such occasions. The coffins being, at length, placed in front of the City Hall, the vast assemblage was ad-



**LEONARD.**  
The Tour—Battle Hill.



**FORRY.**  
Battle Hill—near Highland Avenue.



dressed by John Van Buren, Esq. For the gratification of many, who will hereafter pause upon this interesting spot, we give an extract from his address in Part II., page 72. On the following day, these remains, with the exception of Pearson's, were interred with solemn ceremonial in the spot where they now lie.

On the 14th of July, the body of Pearson who had been an inhabitant of Brooklyn, was attended to Green-wood by the civil authorities of the city, and by a large military escort. Previously to the closing scene, a vast assembly — among whom, as mourners, were seen the relatives of the deceased, and the company which he had once commanded — being collected in and around Bay-side Dell, listened to a funeral oration by Rev. Francis Vinton. A part of his sketch may be found in Part II., page 78.

The seventh grave in this cruciform cluster, contains the remains of Lieutenant Kleine. Mr

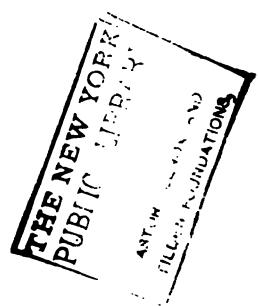
K., a former resident of Brooklyn, L. I., served during the war with Mexico, as Lieutenant of the Louisiana Rangers. He was in the rear guard of General Lane's detachment, and when within six miles of the National Bridge, received an instantly fatal shot from a guerrilla soldier, who lay concealed in the adjoining chaparal. His sorrowing comrades and men dismounted, and bore him affectionately in their arms to the neighborhood of the "Bridge," and there interred him beneath an ancient tree.— Six months afterwards the body was brought home. Services having been held in St. John's Church, accompanied by a discourse from the Rev. Dr. Johnson, a long civic and martial procession followed the body to the grave. It was near the sunset of a lovely day in early autumn, when the cavalcade entered Greenwood. The slow, heavy tread of the horse—the long array of infantry, with arms reversed—the hearse, with its plumes and drapery of woe—and the steed, which bore the dead soldier's



**STURTEVANT.**  
The Tour—Battle Hill.



**COWDREY.**  
The Tour—Battle Hill.



boots and arms, combined to form a scene of mournful and picturesque beauty, as the train wound along the curving Avenues. Especially moving was that dirge-like music, which now burst in full swell upon the ear — and now, as some hill or thicket intervened,

“In melancholy murmurs died.”

Soon, however, the pageant re-appeared and spread itself on the declivity of Battle Hill. The last sad offices were rendered, and the scene was over. No monument yet signalizes the spot where these victims of war repose.

Beyond the graves of these officers are the monuments of ~~Frances~~ Wm. Degen, of Ruliff V. B. Bennet, ~~and Frances~~ Crommelin, and of D. D. Hungerford.

The monument of A. L. F. Cowdrey stands near us, at the angle formed by the Tour and Bay-side Avenue. The emblems, it will at once be perceived, denote the occupation of the fireman — so useful, yet so perilous. Young Cowdrey perished by the great explo-

sion in Broad-street, New-York, in the memorable fire of July 19, 1845.

Two obelisks may next be noticed on the right of the TOUR. One is inscribed with the name of Emily Van Wagenen, the other with that of J. Hoppock.

Immediately in the rear of these, upon ground not enclosed, stands an obelisk. A Latin epitaph informs us that it was reared by the friends of Samuel Forry, a physician of learning and of skill, who died in New-York, on the 2nd of November, 1844, in the thirty-third year of his age.

Dr. Forry's ability and celebrity in his profession, and especially [REDACTED] medical writer, demand a more extended notice of the man.— It will be found in Part [REDACTED], page 109.

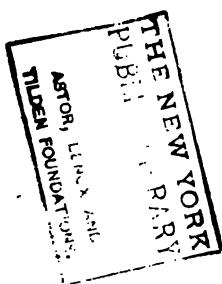
Close by is the monument to John Sturtevant. A dog is given, in relief, upon its base, and there are some sculptured emblems above. Back of Sturtevant is the memorial of Mary, daughter of Rev. Robert Jessop. Nearly opposite to Sturtevant, on Green Bank



**GILLESPIE.**  
Green bank Path—Battle Hill.



**FREEBORN. (The Pilot.)**  
Battle Hill.



Path, is the marble obelisk of David W. Sherry.

The brown-stone monument, of Samuel J. Gillespie, stands south of the TOUR. Greenbank Path passes in front of it—and a sight of the dog at its base, who seems to be awaiting there his master's return, will pay for the trouble of a walk to the spot. The sculpture is by Launitz.

On ground near Gillespie's enclosure, lie the remains of Alden Spooner, a name well known in connection with the Long Island Star, of which he was the founder, and for many years the editor. See Part II., page 100. On the declivity beyond are memorials of Frederic Goodridge and Orlando Bellows, and the tomb of Wallace.

While the carriage, by a circuitous route, places itself in front of the

#### P I L O T ' S   M O N U M E N T ,

we reach that object more directly. This struc-

ture, as the epitaph informs us, was reared by the New-York Pilots, to the memory of a brave and generous comrade, Thomas Freeborn. Mr. Freeborn perished on the 14th of February, 1846, by the wreck of the John Minturn, which he had undertaken to conduct into port. She was driven by a gale on the Jersey shore. Though the ship was within sight and hail of a sympathizing multitude, so violent were the storm and surf, that no effectual relief could be rendered. Chilled to death by the wet and cold, nearly all on board perished before the vessel went to pieces. There were female passengers on board, who, in this hour of mortal extremity, clung, with vain hope, round the hardy Pilot—now, alas! almost as powerless as themselves. With generous kindness, he took off a part of his own garments to shelter them. But the winter storm, the sleet, and freezing spray, proved too strong even for the staunch sailor, inured from boyhood to every hardship.

Standing as it does, upon one of the highest points in the Cemetery, this monument is a very conspicuous object, and for a considerable distance is in full view of vessels, as they move up and down the bay.

The monument may be considered as resulting from a combination of ideas, most of which are naval. From a massive base, rises a square sarcophagus. Upon this rests a ship's capstan, but the cable, which is coiled about it, is severed. The pillar, which rises from the capstan, may be regarded as a mutilated mast. On the summit stands Hope, still retaining her anchor, and pointing Heavenward. This statue is well executed, but is placed too high to be seen to good advantage. On the front of the sarcophagus, a sea-storm and ship-wreck are represented in relief.

This tempest once blew soft and fair,  
This storm-gust seemed bright, pictured air,  
These torrents rushing from the sky,  
Were dews below, or clouds on high.

The fires, in boreal flames that played  
So softly o'er last evening's shade,—  
Now fierce athwart the darkness glare,  
Riving, with forked bolts, the air.

These angry waves, that swell and roar,  
Late broke in ripples on the shore,—  
Or where yon sea-dogs rend their prey,  
Calm as a sleeping infant lay.

Swift and secure the sea-boy glides—  
But ah! what peril near him hides!  
Beneath him, or above him cast,  
The sunken rock, or furious blast.

Christian! thy PILOT walks the wave,—  
Full wise to guide—full strong to save:  
His faintest word shall still the roar  
Of winds, and bear thee safe to shore.

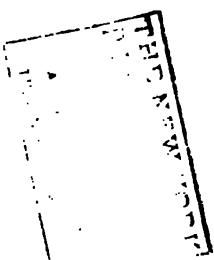
At some distance beyond the Pilot's column,  
there is a handsome, but nameless brown stone  
monument.

As we return from this spot to the TOUR,  
we leave on our left John Kinlock's table  
monument, and John Selby's vault.

We are now about to leave this hill, so commanding in its prospects, so beautiful in itself, so garnished with tributes of affection and of art, so ennobled already by heroic dust.— We have stood by the graves of the scholar and the author; we have seen the tomb of the brave and generous, who, attempting to save others from a dreadful death by water or fire, fell victims themselves. We have looked on the resting-place of those who served their country on the sea, or fell for her in the foremost ranks of war; and we have paused by the tomb of the beneficent statesman, whose exalted privilege it was,

“To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation's eyes.”

Nor is this ground without other associations of kindred character, though of earlier origin. Its name implies the belief that this spot, now the bed of heroism, was once its battle-ground. In the valley which extends from the point where we stand, north-westwardly to the Bay,



blood of patriots — thus mingling with their dust — we may safely suppose that this mount of burial received its first consecration.

It is not a little to be regretted, that in consequence, probably, of the toryism or the indifference then so generally prevalent in this part of Long Island, no effort was made, while yet it might have been done, to mask and fix the localities of the battle of Brooklyn. So far as relates to the operations of the right wing of the American outposts, all, it is believed, that can now be gathered, may be found in the article on Battle Hill, in "Green-wood Illustrated."

Let us resume our observations. The Tour next leads us in a southeastern direction. And here, first upon our right, is a tomb-stone on the lot of John H. Corwin. This is a large marble monument terminated by a large-sized urn. At each corner of the rectangle stands a handsome poplar,—and still indeed must be the summer air, when those silver-lined leaves are not in motion.

The monument on the opposite corner is somewhat peculiar. A curved and tapering die supports two fluted tapering columns. These columns, upon each of which is an urn, are, as it were, linked and bound together by a marble cord of leaves and flowers. The epitaph informs us that this symbolic monument is the memorial of two brothers, George and Albert Swan. Their home was in Ohio.—George was on his way to the University in Cambridge, Mass., and was lost in the Lexington, on that fatal night which brought desolation to so many hearts. Albert, while on his way to the same Institution, was taken sick in New-York, and there died.

The next is a columnar monument of Isaac Packard, a highly respectable merchant. At some distance on the left, may next be seen the massive and well-constructed tomb of States M. and Benjamin Mead. As we pass by the entrance of Greenbough Avenue, we leave upon the right, Lieut. David Baldwin's marble monument and Cooke's tall blue stone



**CORWIN,**  
Highland Avenue—Battle Hill.



**MEAD'S.**  
Opposite Sunny Dell.

THE NEW YORK

ESTATE AND  
TULDE FOUNDATIONS

obelisk. Lieut. Baldwin was an officer in one of the N. Y. companies, "the Franklin Guards." His comrades reared this structure to his memory, and celebrated its completion with military pomp, an address, &c.

Nearly opposite to these are marble memorials of George Bucknam, Boville Shumway, and Eliza A. Brown.

Passing by the entrance of Greengough Avenue, we will turn to the right into Meadow Avenue. Yet, before doing this, one or two objects demand our attention. Mark, for instance, that handsome tomb façade, with curved abutting walls. It belongs to Ralph Mead. The marble obelisk before it is Quincy De Grove Bedson's, and the granite one is James Gelston's.

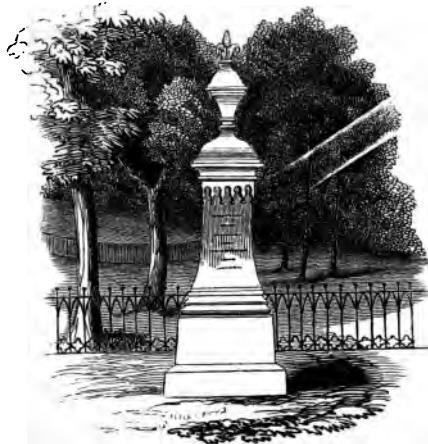
The high terraced mound, which rises near, surrounded by a chain fence, but as yet without a monument, is the enclosure of Messrs. Packer and Prentice. The family monument of John B. Serveira is a little way north of

this spot, on Meadow Avenue. The enclosure contains an obelisk and two table monuments, on one of which stands an urn. Corey and Jane W. Taber, Cornelia Douglass, Martha Dockendorff, Charles H. Huttemeir, George Whitlock, Eliza Grayson, Sarah J. Beatty, Franz Eicke, Adeline Watson and J. C. Whittemore, may all be found in this vicinity denoted by headstone, obelisk or vase.

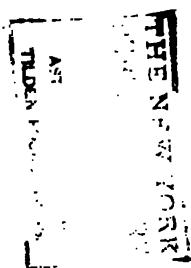
First on the left of Meadow Avenue comes the monument of John Rogers; and opposite to it is the small obelisk of Frances Peirce. Next on the same side sleeps John L. Spinola, and opposite to him are Andrew Oakes and Susan Stryker. The marble obelisk is for Catharine E. Nevins, and beyond this are the memorials of Wm. A. Mercein and Eliza White. The monument of Moses Kimball is on the north-western side of Holly Hill.—Mr. Kimball, who was a native of Bradford, Mass., and a worthy citizen of Brooklyn, was also one of the lost in the wrecked *Atlantic*,



**M E A D.**  
Meadow Hill—near Meadow Avenue



**K I M B A L L.**  
Meadow Avenue—near Holly Hill.



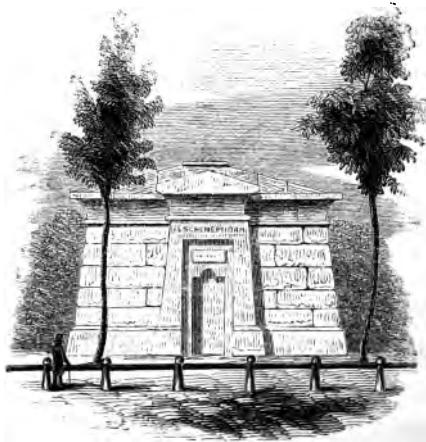
November 27, 1846. Adjacent stands the large Gothic chapel tomb of Wm. S. Brown. The material is sandstone and the carved ornaments are elaborately wrought. The grave of Ann Maria Marsh is nearly opposite. A tall marble on the left tells us that Wm. Weils was born in Germany and died in New-Orleans, at the age of 27. C. F. Hoyer, a German also, lies just beyond.

The crown of Holly Hill is enclosed in one large lot, with tall iron posts, connected by chains. It is the ground of A. A. Low. In its centre stands a large marble urn-capped obelisk. We give the whole inscription as a model of beauty and propriety. "Erected by the family of Seth Low: In memory of the loved ones buried here, whose names are written in the hearts of the survivors." Ann B. Williams and Phebe M. Ryerson's memorials are placed opposite. The monument of James Donaldson and of Thaddeus Phelps are on Mulberry Hill, at a short distance. Of

these, Donaldson's is somewhat peculiar. From an eight-sided pedestal, resting upon a quadrangular base, the upper corners of which are chamfered, rises an eight-sided, truncated pyramid. There is an urn on the summit, from which proceed two dry, twisted stems, on which an acorn is placed. These may be supposed to have some symbolic meaning. The lower part of the shaft is swathed with a sort of band, partly octangular, partly square. This is wrought into scrolls, and Moorish arches, with pendants. Upon the western side, the name of James Donaldson is inscribed. But what is that which rises before us, so solemn and so stern? A sepulchre above ground—a granite mansion for the dead! The style of this spacious building is, unequivocally, Thebaic. An iron fence, consisting of a single cylindrical rail, studded with spikes, surrounds the large enclosure, and is in keeping with the structure. The proprietors of this costly edifice intend, as we are informed, to cover it, in time, with



**PHELPS.**  
Hillberry Hill, near Pine Avenue



**SCHERMERHORN.**  
Buttonwood Hill, between Pine and Sycamore  
Avenues.

of Wm. Wallace Capos, tells her grief in words of true beauty; and then we turn to the left and penetrate the calm shades of Twilight Dell. There is a small, marble monument, surmounted by a cross, at some distance from us on the right. It stands on Central Avenue, and bears the name of Stevenson.

At the upper side of this dell, two or three monuments have been set up. First on the left, we pass one of brown stone, with inserted tablet of marble, which tells us that Mary H. Kirkwood, a native of Governor's Island, died at Barrancas, in Florida. In the adjoining enclosure, a soldier and an artist repose, side by side. The hexagonal, brown-stone monument, with raised, castellated sculpture, stands over the remains of Alexander J. Swift, an officer in the United States Corps of Engineers. At the time of his death, which occurred in New-Orleans, April, 1847, Captain Swift was in command of the U. S. Corps of Sappers and Miners. The adjoining headstone



**STEVENSON.**  
Central Avenue opposite Pine Hill.



**VYSE.**  
Central Avenue, near Dell Avenue.

1000

1000

immemorates one who was valued for his  
ties as an artist, and for qualities, still more  
mable in the man. "To Cornelius Ver-  
yck, who departed this life, A. D. 1844,  
d 31 years." "For so he giveth his be-  
ed sleep." Next comes a circular lot in  
ich stands a low monument of clouded  
ne. In front, a tablet of white marble is  
ply inserted, and protected by a plate of  
ss. Here a female form is seen kneeling  
sadness by the side of a leaning headstone  
which is the name "Isabel." The figure  
a child in its heavenward flight appears  
ve. The sculpture is pleasing both in ex-  
tion and design. The next monument is  
t of Mary Gamble, wife of Lieut. W.  
catur Hurst, of the U. S. Navy. A cross  
mounts it, and below it are the words,  
mply to thy cross I cling." A recumbent  
o in the same enclosure bears the name  
l speaks the virtues of John Marshall  
mble, a Lieut. Colonel of U. S. Marines.

The sienitic obelisk before us, bears the name of Tunis Johnson. On the low marble in front are the names of Abm. and Jere. and Psyche Remsen—all of whom lived to a good old age. Upon our left, as we move on, we perceive a circular enclosure, with several monuments, which pertain to families of English birth. It contains a brown-stone monument for Mary Taylor—a marble pillar, fluted and broken off, inscribed to William Vyse, and two horizontal tablets, for Caroline Wallace and William Bottomley. The granite obelisk of Gould Thorp stands next upon the right. A small slab in the lot of A. Hegeman has the simple inscription, “God took it.” John Sutphen’s and W. Hunter’s obelisks, and the monument, with draped urn, of Hebard and Emanuel, pass successively in review. The entrance to Dell Avenue on our right is passed by, while on our left we leave the tombstones of Capt. Joshua P. Powers, of Maria H. Ingersoll and others. There is a table monument of Patrick Crumney, and an obelisk



**SUTPHEN.**  
Central Avenue—near Dell Avenue.



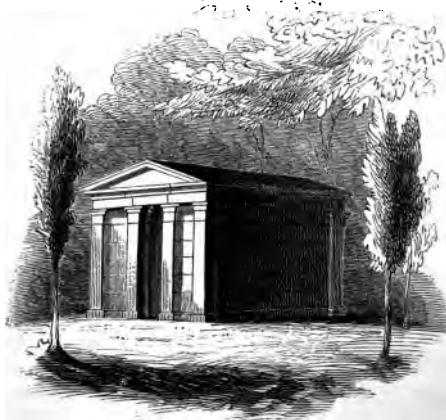
**HEBARD.**  
Dell Avenue—near Central Avenue.





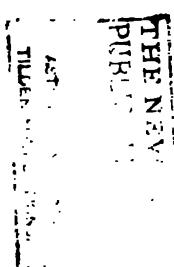
**TURNURE.**

Central Avenue, near Oak-Wood Avenue.



**BOARDMAN.**

Larch Avenue, corner of Oak-Wood Avenue.



for Edw. Crummey and another for Sylvanus White, Abrm. and Abrm. R. and Amelia C. Boerem, are commemorated in marble. Abm. A. Remson and his wife have a large monument, and then comes that of Mary T. Turnure, opposite to which is Saml. Smith, and just beyond is an enclosed circle belonging to B. W. Delamater, John Peck and others. An obelisk rises from its centre.

Here Oak-wood Avenue opens on our right, and we turn into it. Observe this cross of polished sienite, resting on a pedestal of the same, beneath which is a granite base. The letters I. H. S. appear upon the cross. On the pedestal are the words, "We sleep in peace, and wait the morn to rise."

Another tomb above ground, erected by the late Elijah Boardman. This is a small and neat granite edifice, in Grecian style. Just beyond is seen the monument of John C. Poole, who was lost when the steamer Erie, on the lake of that name, was destroyed by fire, August 9, 1841.

. Having passed the gravestone of Maria Woolsey, turn now to the left into Larch Avenue.—Here is some sculpture. The mother is sitting on a mattress and propped by pillars. Her attitude is that of prayer. Her hand rests on the head of her child, who kneels beside her. The work is by Piatti, and deserves a better material, for it cannot be denied that the veins and spots in the marble give an unpleasant expression to the faces. This monument is inscribed to the memory of Maria Louisa Hawley Whitlock. Passing by the monuments of Van Auken and of Jackson, you will notice a little way off, on the left, the monument of the Middagh Family.

The Middaghs, whose guttural name bespeaks their origin, were among the early inhabitants of Brooklyn. The stone before us begins its record with the name of Aërt, born A. D. 1707. The lot of Don Alonzo Booth lies between that of the Middaghs and the Avenue. It contains a handsome monument of brown stone. We pass on the right the circular

enclosure of R. French, who favors us with a symbolic gate. Old Time, though turned towards us, certainly does not in this instance "hide his wings."

Here, let none fail to take a few steps up Evergreen Path, and look carefully at the small monument to which it leads. The die and pediment of gray, clouded marble, rest upon a granite base. The roof is surmounted by decorated scrolls, and the head of a winged cherub looks down from each of the four upper corners. On its front, there is an inserted tablet of white marble, with sculpture in relief. The good angel has received its charge, and is winging its way to the upper air. The countenance of the liberated spirit, thus welcomed and guided to its abode of bliss, expresses a sweet and holy trust. But this exquisite little picture needs no explaining. It is but just to add, that the finish and delicacy with which the work is executed, are worthy the design. It is from the studio of Henry Kirke Brown. This monument was erected

by A. M. Cozzens. Its story, depicted in marble above, is thus briefly told below: "Marion, xxix Sept. m. DCCC. XLVI."

From this spot, as we look southward, the eye rests on the beautiful eminence of Vine Hill, the selection of Wm. S. Wetmore.

We return to Central Avenue, which now sweeps to the left and joins the TOUR. There are a few monuments on that portion of the TOUR which we left upon our right, and which upon the map lies between squares 103—117. Wm. Furbush—a headstone on the right hand. J. E. Cammeyer—this is an obelisk. We had begun to feel a *little* weary of those lines—beautiful as they are—which Halleck wrote on his friend Drake—having met them on about every tenth tombstone. But here they occur with "a variation."

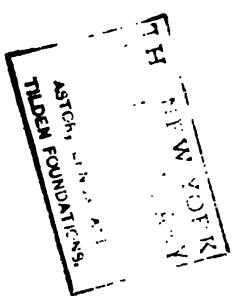
"Them that knew him loved him,  
Those that named him praised him."

Exquisite! The poet will undoubtedly adopt this improvement in his next edition. There



COZZENS.

Engraving by F. G. Moore, from a sketch by A. W. T. 1846.



are other beauties in this inscription — as an inspection will show.

Alexander Magarey — a brown-stone monument surmounted by a draped urn. "My wife, Louisa Charlotte." Such is the inscription borne by an elliptic fluted cylinder that stands upon the left. The husband did not sign his name upon the marble — that of J. H. Gale, written upon the gate. The obelisk beyond bears the names of Wm. Forbes and others. Henry Spies has an obelisk near, and so has Amelia Augusta Zetfass. Wm. Gray's name appears on a small and modest brown stone. Advancing north-eastwardly, we soon enter Sycamore Grove, and, as we make the circuit, may notice on the left the names of Maria Frost, of Richd., Reuben, and Abm. Coddington, of Robert Pettigrew — a Scotchman of Jane W. Oatwell and Janet Cunningham. The large square enclosure at a little distance on our left, is a public lot for single interments. It has just been set apart for the spurnpoe, and will soon be filled with tenants.

That square stone just beyond, bears the name of "Thos. Bloomer, packing-box maker, of 40 Gold-st., N. Y." A poetic request of Mrs. Bloomer, is recorded below. On the right you may read the names of Bartholome Brunner, a Swiss, and of Henrietta Knaufft. Maria Castello's is a table monument. A marble obelisk on the right informs us that Dr. John Frelinghuysen Cornell, of New-York, died in 1848, distinguished for mental vigor, professional skill, and christian benevolence. His wife still shares his bed. She died about a month before him. Mary Ashfield, Geraldine E. Arthur and John G. Hicks, and Ebenezer Smith, are near each other.

That modest brown stone monument in the second tier of lots, stands over the grave of a brave man — "Benjamin Cooper, captain in the U. S. Navy. He was born Oct. 3, 1793, and died June 1, 1850.

The interior of this quiet and beautiful spot contains numerous graves, many of which are denoted by low, horizontal marbles.

Taking now the left-hand route, we ascend Ocean Hill. If you are on foot, take one of the paths, keeping towards the north-east.

#### OCEAN HILL.

“In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene  
The spectacle, how pure! Of Nature’s works  
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,  
A revelation beautiful it seems.”

“This is one of the most elevated spots in the Cemetery. It occupies the north-eastern part of the ground. Its western and southern sides are steep. Towards the east it declines gently to the plain. The principal Avenue, called the TOUR, conducts you to its summit, and you find yourself near the northern extremity of a beautiful and commanding ridge. On the north and the south, the prospect is bounded by copse-wood. Through the trees, on the western side, may be caught occasional glimpses of the pleasant lawn which you have just crossed. Toward the east, the view is unobstructed and wide. From the base of

the hill stretch far away the plains of Flatbush and New-Utrecht. Below, a short mile distant, lies the little village of Flatbush—an image of quiet life—with its white dwellings and single spire; the Pavilion at Rockaway, some ten miles off, is clearly seen; while the sea itself, with here and there a sail, terminates the view.”—[*Greenwood Illustrated*, p. 15.]

First upon our right, is a brown-stone monument, bearing the name of Atwater. We take from *Greenwood Illustrated*, pp. 17, 18, a description of this and of J. Cleaveland’s monument, which is the next one upon the left.

The Atwater monument “rests upon a square base, with prominent mouldings. The die diminishes upward by a gentle curve; its angles are enriched by a graceful, scolloped leaf, and its cornice is encircled by carved mouldings. Above this, the form changes from square to circular, and a fine urn completes the design.

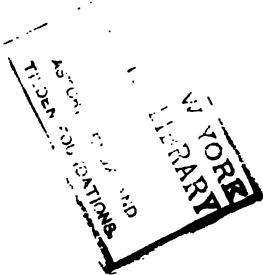
“On the northern side, standing out in high relief, is a female bust. This face, beautifully



**CLEAVELAND.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.



**ATWATER.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.



executed by Mancini, shows admirably the capacities of the stone for expressive sculpture ; and though not intended as a likeness, it calls strongly up the image of that young wife, who, taken from life in the midst of youth, and health, and hope, now rests beneath."

The Cleaveland monument "is a tripod in Roman Style, supported on the corners by richly carved, antique trusses, and resting on a boldly moulded base course. The die has, on each of its faces, a tablet with circular head. The mouldings of its cornice are simple, but effective, and it is surmounted by a well proportioned urn. Its height is about fourteen feet."

"On one of the tablets is recorded the death of a young mother, and that of an only and infant child, which occurred not long before her own. To this simple statement are appended these words from 2 Kings, iv., 26: 'Is it well with thee ? Is it well with the child ? And she answered, It is well.'"

North of the Cleaveland monument is the

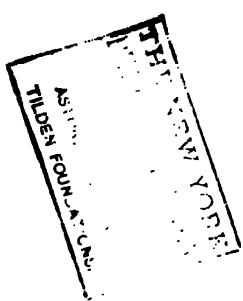
circular lot of the Cornell Family. A large and imposing structure, in the form of an altar-tomb, rises in the centre. The cavity within is large enough to admit several coffins, in case of emergency, but is not designed for permanent occupancy. The structure is roofed by a single massive stone, of the sarcophagus form. At each end is an arched and crocketted gable, sustained by buttresses. On the sides, and upon one end of the die, are deeply sunk, foliated panels, each supporting a shield. These are to receive inscriptions, when needed for that purpose. Between these are narrow panels, diagonally intersected — having quatrefoils in the centre, with pateras. The cornice bears the following inscription, in raised letters, of the old English form:— “Tomb of the Family of John Cornell, erected by Sarah, his widow, A. D. 1848.” The moulding under the cornice bears a handsome Gothic vine, which runs round the monument. This structure is of freestone. The work upon it does justice to the well-conceived de-



**HALL.**  
The Tour—base of Ocean Hill.



**CORNELL FAMILY.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill



sign, and in its general effect, is at once bold and pleasing. Architect, J. C. Wells. Immediately beyond, upon the north, stands the large monument of David Hale. It is of the dark and stern Quincy stone, as well becomes the memory of that stout-hearted man. The vault presents in front the aspect of a strong four-sided vase, curved both laterally and vertically. From a plinth, also deeply curved, rises the die of corresponding outline. On the sides of the projecting cap, you will read in raised letters the name of David Hale—the date of his birth and his decease—and the words, "A Faithful Man." The form, the solidity, the height and the material, combine to render this one of the most remarkable monuments in Green-Wood. This also is a design of Mr. Wells. For a short sketch of David Hale, see Part II., page 8.

Near the Cornell tomb, stands the uncrowned obelisk of Mary Ann Maclay, with an epitaph in verse. Then in front of the neat Gardener's cottage, is the tall, marble mon-

ument of Robert Fuller. At the top are four gables and a decorated roof. The crocketted corners have each an ornament at the angle.

The memorial of Ellen Maria Davenport stands next. Upon the curved roof are scrolls, and in its centre is a basket of flowers, on which sits a small bird, with a sprig in its mouth.

Leonard's brown-stone monument, on the right, is neat and unpretending. Its form is that of an irregular hexagon, with tablets on three of its sides. Just back of this you may see "Julia's Grave" and "Louisa's Cenotaph." The marble obelisk commemorates the departed "loved ones" of William and Ann Anderson.

A large and well-proportioned obelisk on the left, commemorates the name and virtues of the Rev. David Abeel. A short sketch of this excellent and lamented Missionary is given in Part II., page 82.

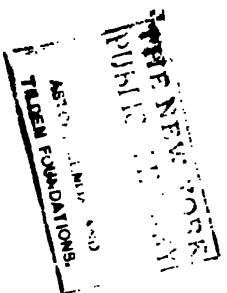
Kingsland's structure bears a general resemblance to the Atwater Monument. A slight



**KINGSLAND.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.



**LEONARD.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.





ABEEL.  
The Tour—Ocean Hill



DAVENPORT.  
The Tour—Ocean Hill

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ  
اللَّهُمَّ إِنِّي أَعُوذُ بِكَ مِنْ أَنْ يَأْتِيَنِي  
شَرٌّ مِّنْ قَبْلِي وَمِنْ بَعْدِي  
شَرٌّ مِّنْ يَمْنَانِي وَمِنْ يَمْنَانِي  
شَرٌّ مِّنْ يَمْنَانِي وَمِنْ يَمْنَانِي

inspection will show that it varies in outline, and in its decorative detail. A vine, with leaves beautifully chiselled, adorns the cornice and edges of the die. The drapery of the urn is admirably executed. The marble obelisk west of this was reared for Caroline M. B. Pollard.

The monument erected by Charles Shields, is surrounded by fillets and pendent ornaments, and has also a bust in high relief. The epitaph records the name and praise of Ada Augusta Shields. Architect, Minard La Fevre. P. J. Arcularius and wife lie under the shadow of a tall marble obelisk.

The structure on the lot of Kyle is of light-colored marble, and tapers rapidly from the base. Decorated tablets project from the face of the die. Upon the roof sits a small lantern-like structure, with quatrefoil panels between its engaged columns. Its open-work top supports a finial. It commemorates the blighting of youthful promise, in the early death of Sarah Ann Kyle.

A mutilated column on the same side gives us the name of Mary L. Taylor. The head-stone of Anna Sanford is upon the left. Next on the same side is the pyramidal monument of Spencer.

This stone bears the name of Eliza C. Spencer, and of Samuel and Hannah M. Painter.

The monument of Cornelius Read, stands opposite. The fluted and broken column immediately beyond has inscribed upon the die of its pedestal the name of Butler.

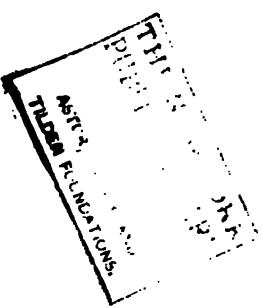
A marble obelisk beyond, stands upon the vault of H. G. Thompson, and a brown-stone monument in the same range bears the name of Mary Partridge. Mark next on the same side a low, brown stone monument. It is a hexagon of unequal sides, rising, pyramidal, in a beautiful outline, from base to urn. We have looked often at this little unambitious structure, and always with satisfaction. It certainly does not please us the less for being

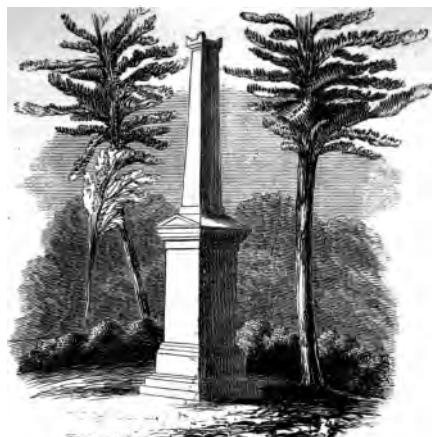


**SHIELDS.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.



**KYLE.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.

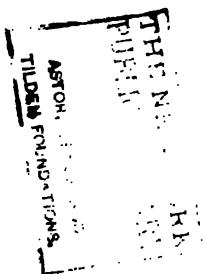




**SPENCER.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill



**BUTLER.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill





**BUCHANAN.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.



**NORRIS.**  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.



neither large nor costly. The name is Buchanan.

The adjoining marble contains the names of several Pennys. The marble monument of Peter Morton and wife—a small obelisk upon a tapering pedestal—stands on the right-hand side. Charles F. Howell is next.

Norris.—Plain, massive, noble! But the lot is too small for the structure.

Again, upon the left, we have the brown-stone monument of Sarah Cleveland Porter.

On the right a small head-stone is inscribed "Margaret Ann Corning;" and then comes a marble obelisk: Daniel Austin. Nearly opposite is a columnar monument of dark stone, with a tall and slender urn. Roses are trained gracefully round the pillar, and, in the season almost hide it in a profusion of flowers. It was reared for Harriet Amelia Kane, wife of Wm. Wood.

A little way back, upon the right, may be seen a plain obelisk of gray granite. The words, "God is Love," form its sole inscrip-

tion. The monuments next in order bear the names of Macartney, McClure, and Barker. A tall, well-polished obelisk of the dark Staten Island stone, is inscribed with the name of Augusta Temple Prime. Scott Taylor is on the left. The next monument is a little puzzling. An epitaph, twice inscribed in English and repeated in Latin, informs the passer-by that the "Honorable Peter W. Radcliffe" was "one of the founders of this church." The astonished reader looks round for the "church" but he looks in vain. The mystery may be solved, if one will take the trouble to read what is on the back of the stone.

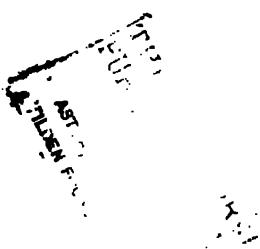
Still farther from the TOUR, but accessible by means of Vine Path, stands Aymar's marble monument. This is a showy, and purely Gothic structure, with buttressed angles, finials, &c. The names of F. A. Gawtrey, Frederic Place, Abm. E. Brouwer, Charles Overing Handy, appear in succession as we proceed. The lot of Stephen Whitney occupies the



WOOD.  
The Tour—Ocean Hill.



AYMAR.  
Vine Path—Ocean Hill.



outh-western brow of the Hill. On its de-  
livity, beyond and below Whitney's ground,  
is the resting-place of Jonathan Goodhue, a man  
who will be long remembered and revered  
for his modest but sterling virtues. See  
Part II., page 102.

The TOUR now conducts us back to the  
valley. Upon its right, snugly ~~en~~conced in the  
side of the hill, we find the low, modest  
omb-front of John Cox, with its neat little  
parterre. Kinnan's vault is distinguished by  
its "patent" door and fence. (See the stamp  
on the gate post.) The tomb of Thomas  
Riley, is on the same side, a little below.  
The corners of its rusticated front are sus-  
tained by buttresses, which rise into pinnacles,  
and terminate with finials. It has an iron  
door of open work, through which the vestibule  
is seen. Two massive tablets in front are  
prepared for inscriptions. "John S. Ebaugh,  
J. D. M." informs the public that the struc-  
ture next in order is his "Family Cemetery."  
Upon the inner door the star of Bethlehem

and the harp of Zion are represented, half symbolically, half literally, very much in the style of those hieroglyphic signs which adorn certain boot and shoe shops. But there is something more here. Look farther in, and make your own reflections. The tomb of D. K. Hall is next; a plainer structure than its neighbor, but, like that, well-designed and well-executed. The tomb-front of Townsend W. Burtis is simple and handsome. Gibert has a granite front with projecting pediment and Ionic columns. A small monument near is sacred to the memory of Suzanne E. Gaillard. Leaving now upon the right this triangular lot with its black currant bush, we come soon to the monument of John Targee. Mr. Targee was once a politician of note in the Democratic party. As such, indeed, he may have been forgotten, yet his name is doomed to immortality. Long as men shall read the verse of Halleck, the keenest and most polished of American bards, so long will they blend in association, the names of "Anacreon



**COX.**

The Tomb—base of Ocean Hill.



**RILEY.**

The Tomb—base of Ocean Hill.



Moore" and "John Targee." Philip Burrows, Samson A. Benson, Young and Labagh, have tombs in the same line.

From this point we will return to the entrance of Birch Avenue. And here, first, on the left, is the round lot of the late David Mitchell; a flower-garden, arranged in bordered beds, with gravelled alleys. A marble monument occupies the centre.

Hillsburgh's monument stands opposite to that of Mitchell. Immediately beyond is the neat brown headstone of Mathilde Fischerman. Then comes Duryee's marble memorial, adorned with sculptured birds. Having proceeded a short distance, we come to a monument standing on the right, which records the name of James Earnest.

Beyond this, a circular lot, also on the right, contains the memorial of one who died in early life, but not until he had secured the warm esteem of all who knew him. A handsome mural monument on the wall of the

Mercantile Library in New-York, preserves the features of one of its former Presidents, and, as well as the stone before us, bears the name of John W. Stebbins.

Look now, for a moment, on the left-hand side. The name of A. Celestine Robertson is on the brown monument opposite. That ornamented monument of marble is inscribed with the name of Butterworth.

Upon the same side is the marble head-stone of Henry A. Wyman. Between those two marble vases is the grave of Stephen Ferrero. This elaborate veneered monument, with fluted pilasters and carved capitals, stands in the ground of Edw. White. Two portraits in oval settings adorn its front. The obelisk of Bathsheba S. Holden stands a short distance back, and near it are the low head-stone of Elvira Trowbridge, and the taller memento of Marianne Wood. On the right, a head-stone commemorates James Milnor Easton. This plot belongs to the family of the late Rev. Dr. Milnor. Near this is a



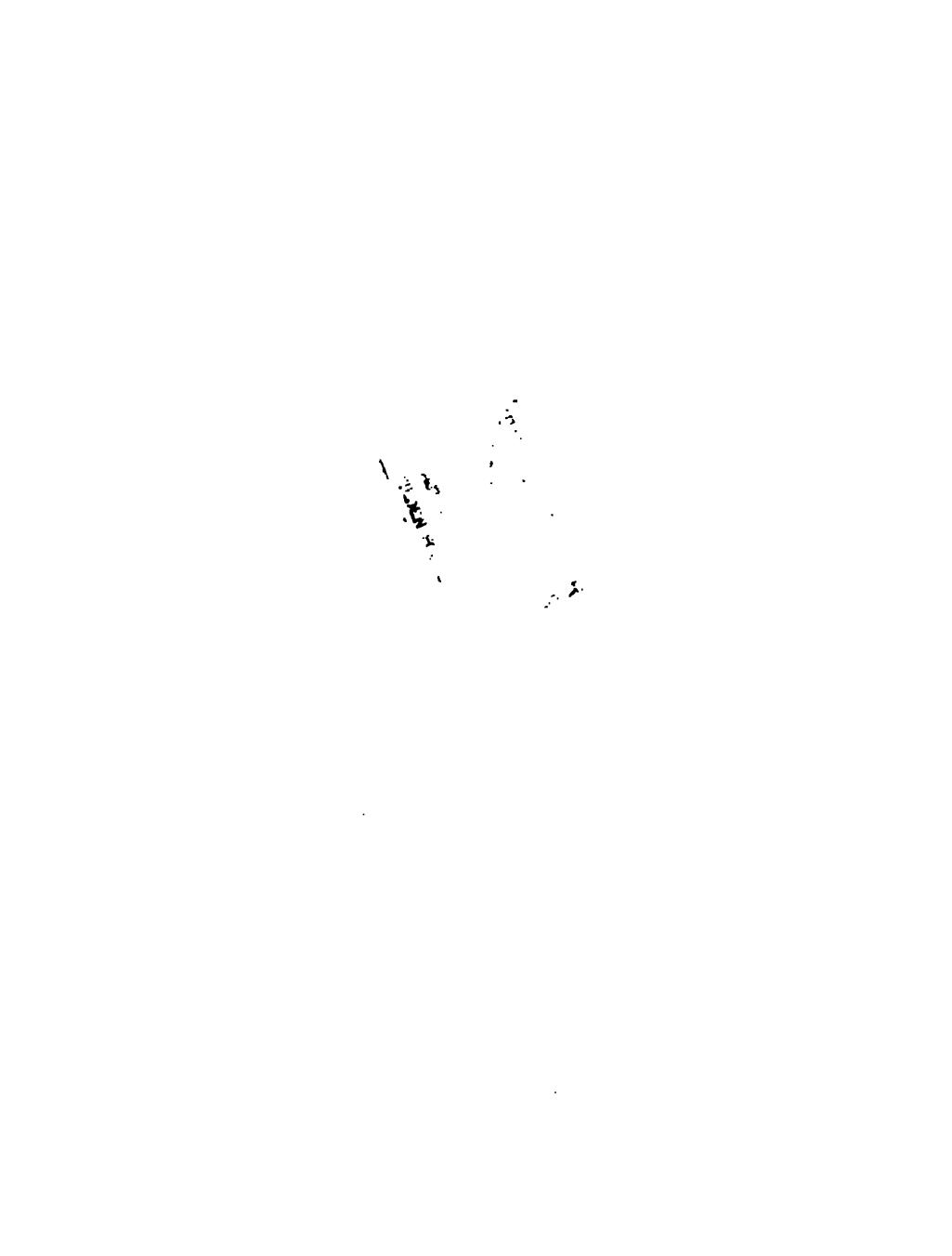
**HILLSBURGH.**

Birch Avenue, near Central Avenue.



**MITCHELL.**

Birch Avenue, near Central Avenue.





**STEBBINS.**

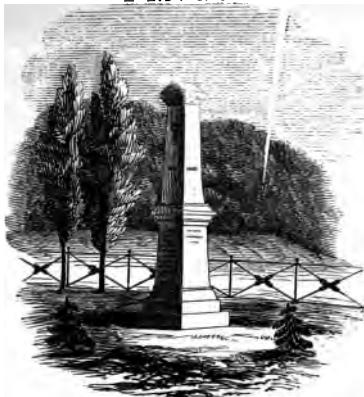
*Oak Hill, between Birch and Oak-wood Avenues.*



**EARNEST.**

*Oak Hill, between Birch and Oak-wood Avenues.*





MIDDAGH.

Near Central Avenue, opposite Birch Avenue.



BUTTERWORTH.

Birch Avenue—Evergreen Ridge.



stone inscribed "Eliza, my wife," and signed "Edwin R. Yale."

Just back of Yale's head-stone stands a monument reared to Henry Kirke Blake, lost at sea,— and to Elizabeth Matilda Blake. Adjoining Blake's enclosure, on the south, is the memorial of Ellsworth Chesebrough.

Observe, now, upon the left, a small elliptic lot, occupying the southern extremity of Evergreen Ridge. We will look into this enclosure. Beneath that mound and those two short ones, on either side, rest, undoubtedly, a mother and her offspring. The emblematic rose and two unopened buds, upon the side of the monument, express the same. Mark how tenderly that pendent willow seems to droop over and around the stone. The lines below, from the pen of N. P. Willis, were prompted by a sight of these significant emblems.

Weep not for the rose plucked—the buds early riven,  
Though sad the survivor's farewell;  
To the wife once again have the lost ones been given!  
And to thee—would'st thou ask, lo! an answer from Heaven—  
"Is it well with the child?"—"It is well!"

A small stone nearly opposite bears the name of D. Alexis Smith—a victim of the cholera in 1849. The head-stones of Mary Jane Stocking and of Jacob L. Sebring are on the right. So is the obelisk of Joseph Fox.

Turn we now into Yew Path, while our carriage, keeping within sight and hail, goes round to meet us at the intersection of Southwood Avenue with the TOUR. Opposite to the memorial of Geo. Platt, Jr., we turn into Evergreen Path. Caroline A. McClintock, Hannah McCotter, Mary Read, Ellen McCall, Wm. A. Allen and Adam Geib, are seen in succession on the left. The 'Brothers Vulte' have a monument on the right. Let us now go by Vine Leaf Path to the TOUR.

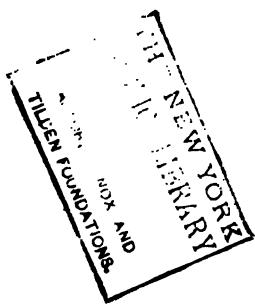
James Albro—a marble obelisk. We are now opposite to Ocean Avenue, and to the entrance into the ground, which has just been attached to the already spacious Cemetery. By this purchase nearly one hundred acres of valuable land have been added to the south-



**CHESEBROUGH.**  
Emerald Hill, between Oak wood and Del.  
Avenue.



**FOX.**  
Oak-wood Avenue, near Birch Avenue





WEBB.  
The Tour—Cedar Grove



BAKER.  
The Tour—near Cedar Dell.

THE  
N.Y.

LIBRARY FOUNDATION

n side of Green-Wood. It presents con-  
ble variety of surface, and is covered  
t throughout with a dense growth of  
ble trees. A broad avenue nearly two  
long, furnishes a drive round its entire  
r. It is strictly a forest path—a ride  
e woods. With, as yet, only one excep-  
you find yourself hedged in by an im-  
able fence of stems and verdure. Hither,  
denizen of the city—poor mortal, weary  
an, and strife, and business, and pleasure,  
are,—hither come! Enjoy this stillness—  
the seclusion—enjoy yourself!

t we must resume our observations.  
light-colored monument bears the name  
ouglass Bingham.

ebb—his monument informs us—"was  
passed in his profession as a master  
builder." A large head-stone near is  
bed with the name of Mary Fawpell.  
e large white stones in the rear are  
Within the enclosure, a small monu-

ment, with small tomb, constitutes the memorial of Mary Ann Peters.

We come next to a small head-stone, before which stands a vase. It is the first that was erected in these grounds, with that sole and simple inscription—that word of so much tenderness and meaning:—“Mother.” It has now found many copies. Eliza Vanderpool has a monument of clouded marble. The small obelisk beyond is Richard Major’s.

Here, upon the right, modestly withdrawn among the cedars, and unenclosed, stands a little stone. Few, in passing, would even notice it. Yet there is one, we doubt not, who often visits it. It is in memory of Stephen Kane, who died at Pittsburgh, Va., 1847, aged 34.

“A friend who loved thy earthly form while here,  
Erects this stone to one she held most dear.”

Again, on our right, we see the head-stone of “Little Edmund.”

The next stone is quite diminutive, yet it has its sculpture. If you look carefully, you

will discover a very little child, and a good-sized butterfly. The marble opposite is Wm. B. Jenkins. Beyond it is the memorial of Anne, wife of Stephen Cambreling.

“M A R Y.”

“There are no partings in Heaven.”

This is all which the next monument conveys to the mere passer-by:— and it is enough. The name is given on the other side, and to not a few it will recall the image of a fair and suddenly-blighted flower. An only daughter—a young wife—a newly-rejoicing mother; all these tender ties, how instantly were they dissevered! Instantly—but not forever.

“Oh! were it not for that blest hope which even death endears,  
How weary were our pilgrimage through this dark vale of tears.”

John A. Taylor’s monument is a fluted pillar with something on the top.

Bending round to the right, with the bending TOUR, Moore’s stone enclosure becomes conspicuous. The massive rail, balusters, and base

of this fence, are well executed in solid marble. In three of the sides large panels are inserted, and the gate consists of a single slab. This enclosure must have been very costly. A style so heavy, would, as it seems to us, befit better a larger space. A tall monument occupies the centre.

We cross, with the *Tour*, South-wood Avenue. If one is on foot, Fir Path invites him to a sheltered walk. Robert O. Ellis on the right. Still farther in is the memorial of Chas. R. Squires, a youth of 14 yrs. A cherub head and a sleeping child are chiselled on the stone. In front stands a glazed case, protecting a vase of artificial flowers. Susan R. Freeman comes next. This is Baker's monument. The names of Devoe and of Ryerson are on the next one.

The monument of Wells, which stands next in order, is a copy from that of Norris, on Ocean Hill.

Old Capt. Correja has undertaken, as you may see, to get and keep the true time for Green-

Wood. In all seasons, all weathers, all hours, he stands at his post and takes his 'observation.' Long may he live to enjoy his own monument. May his glass, his chart, his compass never fail him, and may he be sustained by the anchor of Hope, until hope shall become fruition.

The statue is a correct portraiture of the Captain, and its execution is creditable to the worthy young artist.

We must not neglect, while thus glancing at the occupied ground on the right of the TOUR, to notice the charming prospect on the left—where Cedar Dell, with inviting sweep, lies in verdant beauty below us.

When the carriage has reached the entrance of Forest Avenue on the left, let it halt—while we, who are less encumbered, follow our meandering path into the depths of Forest Dell.

That obelisk unenclosed bears the names of Laura A. and Susan F. Lansing, wives of Rev. Dr. D. C. Lansing.

That tall head-stone, which we leave on our

right, with its bust in relief, its surroundings of vine leaves and clusters, and its cross, is the monument of Thomas P. Norris. Mark the lopped and warty trunk of the huge old chestnut which stands in front of Norris. A low brown stone bears the names of an aged couple, whom death separated but for a little while—Jonathan and Eliza Lawrence. The tall marble opposite, with a sculptured Christ, is reared to Agnes Ann Gibson, wife of Jos. M. Cooper. The names of Kingsley, Dow, Burkhalter, De Peyster, and Codman may be seen in the rear of Lawrence.

This small Grecian temple is the offering of Friendship to the virtues and memory of William Anson Lawrence.

See Part II., page 28, for a short account of the monument and the man.

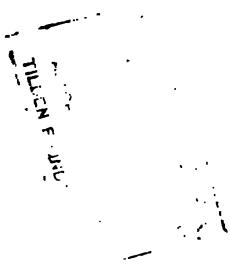
Soon as we pass the Lawrence Monument, another comes in sight. It is the HISTORIC MUSE,—and so calmly does she seem to sit in that tranquil shade,—that you might fancy her the embodied spirit of the Dell. Draw



LAWRENCE.  
Dell Avenue.



NORRIS.  
Dell Avenue.



nearer: the design and the work will bear examining. The classic contour of the face and figure—the easy and graceful attitude—and the expression, so quiet and contemplative,—all indicate the eye and hand of a master.

Our CLIO is not idle. With tablet and stylus she is recording the name and merits of a man once widely and honorably known as a statesman and philosopher. Many will be curious to know what she has written. Very few, probably, in the hurry of a passing visit, will find leisure to examine her Roll. For the benefit of such we give a few of the numerous particulars, which she has generously imparted. See Part II., page 39.

For the accommodation of those whose sight is short or weak, we transcribe the inscription. (Eastern side:)

S A M U E L L. M I T C H E L L,

died

7 Sept.. 1831,

Aged 67 years.

— Whether there be knowledge,  
it shall vanish away.

For we know in part.—1 Cor. xiii. 8, 9.

On the opposite side there is a Latin inscription to the following effect:

"As a Physician, Naturalist, Citizen, Senator,  
How distinguished he was, let others say.

His amiable disposition,—

His simplicity of life—his incorruptible integrity,  
His devotion to his friends, and his deep hold on our affections,  
It is but just to have commemorated."

This fine statue is from the chisel of our native sculptor, Henry K. Brown.

From this point may be seen, at the north-eastern extremity of the Dell, the handsome tomb-front of William B. Crosby, with square, tapering pillars at the angles,—and by its side that of S. T. Jones and W. B. Bend. Both are of sandstone. There is another handsome tomb-front on the southern side.

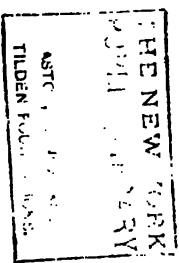
The lots of Davis, Fletcher, Riker, &c., are on the eastern declivity.



**CROSBY.**  
Dell Avenue—Forest Dell.



**MITCHELL.**  
Deep-wood Dell—near Dell Avenue.



Let us return to the point where we supposed the carriage to stop, and thence take a new departure. Before we proceed, it is proper to undeceive our friends in the coach, who have been admiring yonder group of statuary, at a short distance off, on the left. We are sorry to tell them, that what they supposed to be sculpture, is only a plaster-cast. And what if it be so? The mimic angel and its little charge—do they not bespeak emotions as genuine and as deep as those to which we owe the chiseled statue, or the elaborate and costly mausoleum? Yes, mourning parents, your humble tribute shall be respected by us, if not by the elements. Would that, for your sake, we could bid it stand in Parian marble! Such were our feelings and their spontaneous expression when this was the only specimen in these grounds of so frail a memorial. We will not recall the words—neither would we repeat them. The example thus set, proved unfortunately to be a taking one. The plaster-cast venders must have done a thriving

business within the last three years. Angels and kneeling Samuels are now almost as thickly scattered as leaves in Valombrosa — and they are quite as perishable.

The obelisk, which, as we advance, is passed on the left, is that of John W. Walker, formerly one of the proprietors of the New-York Daily Advertiser. Near this are John F. Clarkson and Chas. Stuart. Upon the right, may be seen three monuments, near together, and forming a triangular group. The tallest of the three commemorates a physician, Christopher Backus, a native of Norwich, Conn., who died at the ripe age of 85. The column bears the name of Alexander Ogsbury. The remaining structure is "Sacred to the Memory of Joseph Clarke, gentleman, son of John Clarke, of Lyddington, and brother to J. P. Clarke, sewing-cotton manufacturer in Leicester, England." That small marble obelisk on the right is inscribed Morris D'Camp. Upon our left we see an oval enclosure. It contains a

cross and two small monuments, all of red sand-stone. The name is Atkinson.

We have now before us the east gate or a large enclosed circle, called Vista Hill.

This ground belongs to the Church of the Saviour, the Unitarian congregation in Brooklyn. This pleasant spot was consecrated to its present use by religious services, and by an address from the Pastor, on the 18th September, 1845. A portion of the Rev. Mr. Farley's discourse may be found in the article, "Vista Hill," in *Green-Wood Illustrated*.

Ride now, in the carriage-path, around the enclosure, keeping it on the left,—or, entering through the ample gateway, walk in the same direction. Numerous mounds show that death has often invaded the flock. As you pass on, fail not to remark one or two beautiful openings in the landscape, to which, probably, this fine eminence owes its appellation. Upon the western declivity, on the right of the road, stands a handsome brown-stone monument, ornamented with oak-leaf sculpture, and acbrns,

and rose pendants, and supporting a cross. On the projecting tablet is the name of Henry B. Costar.

Within the enclosure we notice Anna's small horizontal tablet, and, hard by, a graceful marble head-stone, with perforated arch, containing a cross. Upon the summit of the finial, perches a small bird. The name of Cecilia Wyman, with age and dates, appears upon the escutcheon tablets, which project from sunken quatrefoil panels. These lines are inscribed below :

“There are thoughts that never perish,  
Bright, unfading, through long years;  
So thy memory we cherish,  
Shrined in love, embalmed in tears.”

As we stand on this spot and look southward, the eye rests upon a green mound lying between Forest and Woodland Avenues. It is, as yet, undistinguished by stone, or heaving turf, but will soon become, and must long continue, a point of strong attraction, as the grave of Chancellor Kent. See Part II.,

page 148, for a brief account of this eminent Jurist.

George Blackburne is next. Then comes Randall H. Greene's marriage and family records, with the names of his deceased father, wife, son, and daughter. Then come three more stones inscribed with the name of Blackburne. Maria Lord, Chas. A. Strong, Sarah A. Curtis, Wm. Hathaway, are not far apart, and further on are Nath. Putnam, and Sally Atkins.

South and south-west from this spot, there are a few monuments which we will mention here. The brown stone monument of Jane Clark Stephens—a native of the Isle of Man. The small obelisk of Jane L. Young. The headstone of Hannah White. Beneath a large urn or vase which rests upon a massive base, may be seen the name of Agnes Ten Eyck Nichols. These objects may be approached by means of Forest Avenue.

When we have completed the circuit of Vista Hill, the TOUR conducts us first in a

northern direction. On our right, we see the names of Bennet and Bonner.

The headstones of Euphronia Misick and of Geo. W. Hoffman stand a little way back upon our left. Next upon the left is a head-stone to the memory of John Roberts, of Llanafan in South Wales. There is a poetic epitaph on this stone, which those may read—who can.

With the aid of a friend, whose boyhood was spent among the beetling cliffs that frown

“O'er Solway's foaming flood,”

we venture to render it thus:

In quietness and calm content,  
John's pilgrimage on earth was passed;  
And then his gentle spirit went  
To worlds more fair, and joys that last.

In this enclosure repose also several persons of the name of Jones.

The name of Mary Kutz is seen on a column, which stands on the left. To this succeeds the marble obelisk of Mary Isnard. This small lot is planted round with ever-



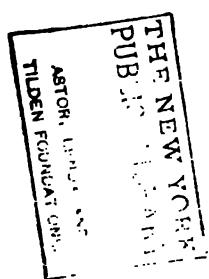
ISNARD.

Vista Hill.



PETRIE.

Pine Avenue—near Oak-leaf Avenue.



greens, by whose rapid and obtrusive growth it will soon be entirely covered.

Again we leave the TOUR, turning to the right by Oak-leaf Avenue, for the purpose of making the circuit of Butternut Hill. This knoll is crowned by several noble trees, among which may be seen the oak, the maple, the chestnut, the birch and the gum-tree.

There is a rectangular block in that lot upon the right of Oak-leaf Avenue, which bears the name of Seymour. As you proceed, keep the circle on your left. There are several stones on the right hand, on which we read the names of Joralemon and Conover.

The large and imposing structure which occupies the centre of this double circle bears no name—but upon the four gates of the inner enclosure we find those of John, Fletcher, James, and Joseph W. Harper; a band of brothers, everywhere known as the founders and proprietors of one of the most extensive publishing houses in the world. The lots into which the exterior zone is divided,

belong to several families of various name, but all connected, we believe, with the Harpers, by ties of blood or friendship. Among them, we perceive the names of Anderson, Rhodes, Smith, and Young.

There are, also, three horizontal tablets, on short square legs, which we cannot look at without distress.

Before we return to the TOUR, let us notice a few objects in this vicinity. Most conspicuous is Chauncey's Gothic Chapel Tomb. This is an octagonal structure of light-colored marble. The corners are guarded by buttresses with crocketed pinnacles. From the centre rises a short pillar, terminated by a pinnacle. From four of the sides extend as many porches, one of which forms the entrance. On each of the alternate sides is a deep niche, and above each niche, a circular trefoil window of stained glass.

Through the open iron door the interior is visible. It is cased with polished marble. Thirty-six niches on three of the sides await



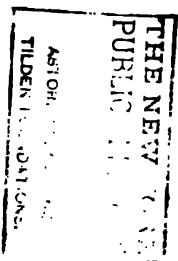
**HARPER.**

Oak-leaf Avenue—Butternut Hill.



**YOUNG.**

Oak-leaf Avenue—Butternut Hill.



their future occupants. A soft light comes through the painted windows, on each of which is a heraldic escutcheon.

The marble obelisk in front bears the name of Nancy, wife of Eph. Corning. The altar monument near is Seymour's. The marble just beyond, preserves the name of Charlotte Elizabeth Deming. Unassuming, gentle, departed one—it is a pleasure to be reminded of thee!

Pine Hill is enclosed as the last earthly abode of the Howland Family. Here rests their late head, Gardiner Howland—so long and well known as an enterprising and wealthy merchant—so much better known as a man of integrity and benevolence. Here, beneath a handsome monument, are the remains of Abby Woolsey Howland Wolcott. The hill is penetrated with vaults—and into some of them light is admitted through glass on the surface. Its low fence is massive and strong—rather than handsome. The approach to

this ground from Central Avenue is by means of broad granite steps.

A marble obelisk on the declivity south of the Howland ground bears the name of Peter T. Chapeau—a resident of Cuba.

As we return to the Tour we pass by the tall obelisk of Peter Bonnett. This sustains upon its summit an angelic figure, holding in one hand a wreath of flowers, and pointing upward with the other. On the headstone of Louisa Lisette Neidlinger, the carver has formed a small angel with an infant in his arms. They are just emerging from a cloud.

Retracing our way to the Tour, we proceed westwardly. The monument of John H. Petrie is passed upon the right, and so is the entrance to Pine Avenue, which immediately succeeds. Read the name of Catharine Wood upon that headstone on the left; opposite Pine Avenue, is a large monument bearing the name of Kunzler. It is quite an ambitious structure. The names of Mary Louise Bliss and of Leonore B. Kunzler appear on opposite

sides. Mary Louis aged twenty-one, was the wife of Melancthon Bliss. Leonore was the infant daughter of Andrew Kunzler. Above the latter name is carved a cherub bearing a wreath of roses. Over the former is presented an angel form.

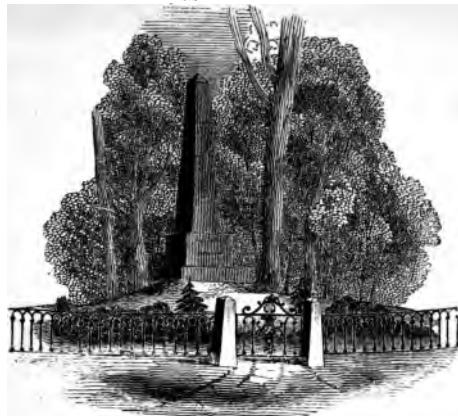
Alex. Dennistoun — a marble monument on Glade Hill. Eastburn, Bryant, Norris, are a little way beyond. Sarah Ann Funk is opposite. Marsh's large monument is an attempted copy in marble of one in brown stone upon Ocean Hill. An inspection and comparison of the two structures, show the attempt to be a failure — proving, if proof be needed, how much depends on form, and on an eye to appreciate it. As we advance between Vista and Glade Hills, we discover, on the left, two stones; the first is inscribed with the name of Caroline, the other with that of Julia Wallace. This is one of the lamb monuments. Chestnut Avenue here branches off — but we still keep the TOUR, which, sweeping round, carries us by a large circle with its tall, polished obelisk, reared by Gordon W.

Burnham, and bearing on its adamantine surfaces the record of his bereavements.

We shall lose nothing if we pause here, a moment, for a single glance at the view before us—the sloping, open lawn—the sheltering wall of verdure—and that bright, narrow vista, in the north-west. It is painful to know that the pleasantness of these openings will soon be gone. It is but too evident that the rage of tree-planting and a mistaken taste will soon cover all these sunny lawns and glades with an unsightly and impervious growth of shrubs and evergreens.

The enclosure adjoining Burnham's contains two altar-form monuments, of brown stone. The structures are alike, and bear a general resemblance to some already described. These monuments are neat and handsome, but would please us better, if without those imitation doors in front. They are on the lots of James Phalen and of John Paine.

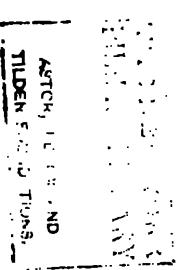
Beyond these, we find a triple enclosure—the central part being distinguished by a large



**BURNHAM.**  
The Tour—Forest Ridge.



**SMITH.**  
Near Central Avenue, and Lawn-girt Hill.



marble monument. Within the open arch stands an urn in the drapery of woe. Books, papers, and implements for writing are scattered round it. It is the memorial of the late John R. Townsend.

Mr. T. was a member of the New-York bar, highly esteemed for learning and probity.

A few steps farther onward, the TOUR bends once more. Stop here a moment. That fair eminence before us is Lawn-girt Hill. In an opposite direction, Dusky Valley stretches toward the north-east till it is lost among the trees. Upon the south, the eye traverses a considerable reach of fine, open, but yet unoccupied ground. In the west, we see the water and the distant hills—but the view is not unbroken. This short but massive sand-stone column is the record of John B. James' lost wife and daughters. It is unostentatious, neat, impressive. Sarah McKee and Mary Vincent, lie side by side. An obelisk of marble designates the ground of Uriah F. Carpenter and Peter Embury. From this small, fluted

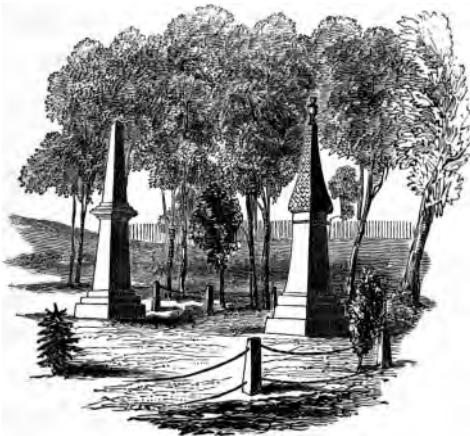
column of Catharine A. Maclay, and its neighbor the memorial of Mary, wife of Rev. Dr. Maclay, let us next turn up Lawn Avenue. Neil McLeod—a small obelisk. A nameless brown stone near the flat memorial of Martha French. A low marble behind these bears the name of John Child, of his daughter Maria L., wife of Dr. Cyrus Weeks, and of two children. Samuel McWhinney has a monument of marble. In general we like the taste of Launitz—but we cannot admire the figure which he has chiseled here.

A brown-stone monument stands to Thomas Cooper a little remotely on the left. It was reared by the widow in memory of her husband, a native of Bath, England.

The monuments of Bucknam and Trussel stand within the same enclosure. Upon the sarcophagus which surmounts the latter, there is a small, sculptured, sitting figure. It should be looked at only in front. Charles S. Martin is on the right. A single stone on the left bears the names of John L. and Wm. Henry



**COOPER.**  
Laurel Path—near Lawn-girt Hill.



**RICHARDS.—McNULTY.**  
Near Lawn-girt Hill.

RC 412

Williams. Sarah A. L. Thompson — a monument in the second right-hand tier. It is an intermixture of granite and marble. The cap is designedly left rough. Something like a bird-house on top, covers a little bronze flame.

Between two spreading chestnuts on the right, stands the monument of Lucy H. Stewart.

Anthony Woodward's obelisk, and that of John Connor, are situated on the left; to which succeeds the monument of Jane Tilyou, with its four dial-faces. The headstone, next, is Elizabeth Gardner's. How many thousands, as they pass it, will respond to the sentiment in its epitaph!

“Oh, we may roam the earth around,  
And other lips may feign to bless;  
But once, once only, can be found  
A mother's unbought tenderness.”

I. McColgan's white headstone, and J. J. Habberton's brown one, occupy the corner on our right. That monument, with urn, at some distance up the lawn, preserves the name of Caroline Augusta Davies. Joseph Higgs — a

tribute to a revered Sunday School Teacher. Geraldine Palmer and Eliza Brouwer are near. Not far from this stands the small headstone of John H. Casilear. Imagine, if possible, with what emotions we first read his epitaph! It is as follows:

"On the threshold of manhood, he made  
but one step unto death, leaving a  
space which no man can fill."

An obelisk of considerable size is reared to Abm. Brouwer and wife. The small obelisk of George A. Russel stands in the same vicinity. It contains a little painting, some carving, and a large amount of writing. A cubic block of granite marks the family sepulchre of John B. Schmelzel.

That Egyptian structure is the granite tomb of Abraham Schermerhorn. Beyond it stands the brown-stone monument of Alex. Fraser, "Minister of the Gospel."

Just below it, are E. L. Bockhorn's headstone, and John Dary's horizontal tablet. Re-



**STUART.**  
Lawn Avenue—near Chestnut Avenue.



**BUCKNAM. TRUSSELL.**  
Lawn Avenue—near Chestnut Avenue



turning towards Lawn Girt Hill, we pass the Gothic headstone of Bernard M. Cassidy, and the obelisk of Rev. George Benedict, a Baptist clergyman. Further in on the same side is the tall Gothic brown-stone pillar of A. Vandervoort. The memorials of John Spader, of J. H. Faber, of Maria Louisa Solomon, of Humphrey B. Crary, Johannas Windmayer and others, are in this neighborhood. Leaving on the right, John Sinclair's marble obelisk and the glass case full of a child's playthings, let us look now at this large brown monument of Cyrus P. Smith.

Mark, as you approach it, the fine sweep and proportions of its outline, as you follow it with your eye, from the base to the flame of its urn. It bears the hopeful Christian motto "Resurgemus."\* For so large a mass as this structure is, the enclosure seems small.

In that small lot which adjoins this upon the north, may be seen three grassy mounds.

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\* "We shall rise again."

It is the burial-place of Theodore Eames and of two daughters. This was a learned and a good man. He practised law for several years in Salem, Mass. Then he was master of the Public Latin School in the city. He afterwards removed to Brooklyn, where he conducted successfully a school for boys.

Step now into Myrtle Path, as it winds round the base of Lawn-girt Hill. If you wish to see more of the obelisks of Richards and McNulty, a short walk southward will place you before them. Still farther south are Joseph Stickler and Henry Worrall.

We will next pass up and by the northern end of this symmetric and wood-crowned mount, owned by the Pierrepont family. That low brown monument which we see, is a tribute to the virtues of William Bell, a native of Scotland. There are also in this spacious ground, four small graves, not visible from this point.

With alluring curves, and charming visions of hill and vale—of light and shade—and of

green, close-shaven sward, the path invites us onward. This pleasant little circle, round which it sweeps, is the ground of George N. Titus. That large circle, high upon the left, is the enclosure of Robert Ray, President of the Board of Directors for Green-wood Cemetery.

Adjoining that is another, and similar one, which bears upon its gates the names of Lamb, Kimball, Mason and Gould. Beneath that emblem of peace and simplicity rest the remains of a Revolutionary warrior — one who knew how to lay aside the lamb when the conflict was for freedom. Read his epitaph, and that also of his French descended wife, Catharine Jaudine. Within this enclosure, unmarked as yet by monumental stone, lie the remains of another warrior — whose achievements, however, were on a different field. A leader in "the sacramental host of God's elect," — the Rev. Erskine Mason.

Then we see a newly planted hedge of Arbor Vitæ, surrounding with its elliptic line a

mound of ample dimensions. It is the ground of George Griswold and John C. Green.

A glance at the names on the next enclosure, apprises us that it belongs to a partnership of German families. Below the lot of Geo. N. Titus, we pass the headstone of Susan J. Lee. Next stands that of O. J. Williams and Christopher Sutton, and "their beloved wife Margaret." Please let your eye rest for a moment on the circular enclosure of Jones, Dannat, and Griffith. It contains a single grave with a Gothic headstone. But it is the fence which charms us. Look at it near, or from a distance, and say whether, in just proportions and simple beauty, it has its superior in these grounds.

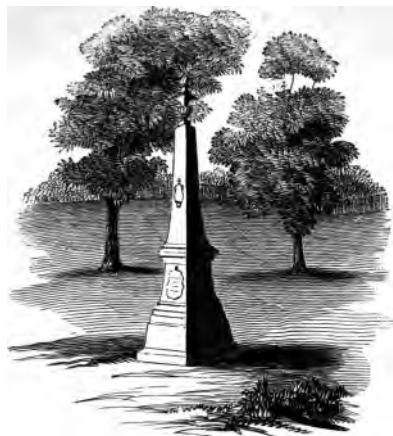
Before resuming the Tour we may mention, on the right, Geo. Hyde, one of the Hague-st. victims, Robert and Hannah Beck, and Sylvester Everett. The tall granite obelisk is Jas. Hillard's. Susan P. Kingsbury, Adelia M. Sprague, Frances M. Davenport, have small

marble monuments. The tall sandstone column has the name of Chas. H. Kellogg on its front. Roseanna, on our left, was the wife of Geo. Lyons. Catharine M. Dunning, Catharine M. Fisher, Eliza Arnold, Phebe Mott, Susan B. McKay, Adelaide Leslie, Jas. P. Thayer, Petronella Manley, Peter and Mary Gratacap, are all upon the left. On the right, near Sumac Path, is the small decorated double pillar of Eliza Gird. Thos. J. Runnell's grave is guarded by a plaster bust of Benj. Franklin. Some lines, original or adopted, are written on the stone—but it requires an effort to read them. Mary V. Holmes, Kimberley Waring, Bogert, Haughwout, Jane Brush, Walter Titus, Robert and Ann Cochran, Andrew Anderson, John and Eliza Sneath, are on the right of the TOUR. On the same side also, within the sweep of Blossom Path, are the monuments of John Faron, Jr., Jas. B. Johnson, Jane E. Vining, Jas. R. Eaton, Cath. J. Ireland, Ann Cook, Thos. Felch, Anna McClure, and Anna M. Bartholomew.

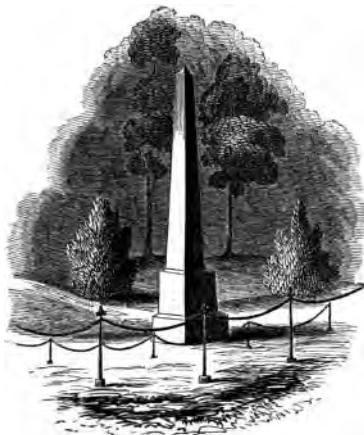
Let us now enter Valley Avenue, leaving Burge's brown stone on the right, and Sheldon's white obelisk, high up on our left. That white circle has no gate, and the stone within bears but a single word, Ryer. Ward, Berry, succeed.

We soon reach the end of Valley Avenue, and turn sharply up another, which bears the name of Lawn.

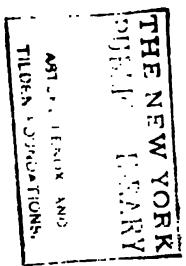
Near the angle, and on this south-eastern extremity of Central Ridge, there have been quite a number of interments. Here are seen on low-laid tablets, the names of Teunis Joralemon and wife. Mr. Joralemon is well remembered as an old inhabitant of Brooklyn, who saw a city spring up around his once humble farm, and who grew rich, not only without his own efforts, but, it might almost be said, in spite of them. Near by, is the monument of Anna B. Faber, and still farther up, a small sarcophagus bears this inscription, "Our dear little Henry rests here." The lot



**MOFFAT.**  
Lawn Avenue—near Glade Avenue.



**BROWN.**  
Edge-wood Avenue—near Glade Avenue.



of Messrs. Bernard and Marshall is comfortably provided with iron settees.

On the right we pass, first, Henry Stanton's circular lot, with a marble monument. Beneath those pendent willow-stems—which seem bowed, as if with grief, to the very dust—is the monument of Rev. Andrew Stark. Dr. Stark was born in Scotland, and there ~~so~~ he died—but his ministry was ~~exercised~~ over the First Associate Church in Grand-st., N. Y. The stone beyond bears the names of Evans and Davis. Next come Wm. Gee, Van Nostrand, John Hague, Frances B. Bloom, Edw. Rossetter, Benedict, Lewis, and Geo. W. Miller. Opposite, on the left, are marble memorials of Harvey White and others.

Here the path turns, and we soon find ourselves in front of Edge-wood Avenue. This tall obelisk of clouded marble commemorates two infant children of Robert J. Brown. A little further back stands a handsome head-stone, with arch and finial, upon which we

read the name of Elizabeth V. P. Harper. Next, in the same line, stands an oblong block, inscribed to Margaret Turner. This is on the lot of John Turner, well known to many citizens as the coadjutor of John Lang, in the printing of the New-York Gazette. Amidon and Swinborne are passed upon the right, and we stand before a brown-stone monument erected to the memory of Rachel Maxwell.

J. J. Prendergast's monument is of marble. A brown round-top headstone in the lot adjoining, stands over the remains of Joshua Cliborn.

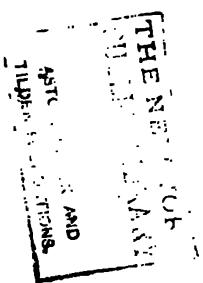
Nearly opposite to these, upon ground unenclosed, lies a horizontal slab—over the grave, as it tells us, of the Rev. George W. Miller. Alfred M. Ryder's memorial is a filleted obelisk on the right hand, having, in front, a tablet, draped and scrolled. Asa M. Sandford—a marble headstone. On the other side, John Alexander—an obelisk. G. W. Aitken and Ellen Laing are in the same enclosure.



MAXWELL.  
Edge-wood Avenue.



RYDER.  
Edge-wood Avenue.





FROMENT.  
Edge-wood Avenue.



HOYT.  
Edge-wood Avenue.

TABLE I  
MATERIALS

The name of Anna Maria Dickinson may be seen on the left—and immediately beyond, that of William I. Froment.

This handsome marble headstone with two Gothic panels, stands upon the lot of Henry J. Hoyt.

Upon our left are several small squares.—There rest Alexander Nash, formerly of London, Rachel G. Fleming, Frederick Farrand, and Joseph Rhodes—the last named, a native of Leeds, in England.

This obelisk, next upon the right, is for Sarah de La Torre. A corner of the next enclosure contains the little grave of Mary Ann Kingsland. Would you know in what sweet strains she used to sing of the bliss, which she now enjoys,—read them on the stone.

Martha's small, embowered mound, and the graves of the two little Lees, are side by side, in the next enclosure.

“To Mother and Daughter.” Such are the words within that sculptured garland. The

“mother” was Ann McComb, a native of Boston, Mass., and for thirty-seven years of her life, a resident in the island of Cuba.— Her death took place in Philadelphia. Her remains were placed here, at her own request, by the side of her daughter, Anita Maria Thompson. Mrs. T. was born in Cuba, and died at Harper’s Ferry, Va., while on her wedding tour.

Those stones in the enclosure on our left, bear the name of Degraw.

This slender marble column on our right, was reared by fellow-students and friends in New-York, to the memory of their associate, J. James Lawrence, from Toronto, in Canada. Mr. Lawrence belonged to the Medical Class of 1845, in the New-York University. The grave and monument of Jas. B. Wright are just beyond.

That large and handsome brown headstone opposite, is commemorative of Mrs. M. A. Lewis.

Mark now four little mounds within the



LAWRENCE.  
Edge-wood Avenue.



LEWIS.  
Edge-wood Avenue.

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ground, and read their explanation upon the reverse of the stone. In many a sorrowing mother's heart, that tale will touch a tender string. The mutilated column is Geo. Ward's, formerly assistant superintendent of the workmen at Green-Wood, and a very worthy young man. The small headstone is Lydia Brinckerhoff's.

We have now done with Edge-wood Avenue, and Crescent Hill.

The tract, which here opens widely upon the north and west, is already so filled with tokens of mortality, that did we not miss the mossy grave-stone and its dated legend, we might readily suppose ourselves in some ancient burying-ground.

Conspicuous, in front, as we look towards the north, is a large rectangle—divided by alleys, fences, and low box hedges, into numerous smaller plots. Here is a profusion of shining, white marble posts, somewhat dazzling if not bewildering to the eye. The names of

the occupants or owners, Germans all, are recorded on the large gate-posts of the alleys.

A long rectangular enclosure immediately beyond these grounds, and lying north of Lawn Avenue, with two or three smaller ones adjacent, is occupied, in the same way, by natives of Germany. From every principality and circle,—from every kingdom, petty or powerful, of that ancient federation, they came,—and found here a home. Though the subjects, originally, of so many different governments, there exists a strong feeling of nationality among the emigrant Germans. Community of language, of usages, and tastes, draws and holds them together. Their worship, their amusements, their social gatherings, keep alive the remembrance of that old "Faderland"—and when all their chatting, singing, smoking days are over, they come and lie down together in this pleasant spot. Requiescant in pace!

Numerous epitaphs in German may be seen upon the tablets within these grounds. The

mere English reader will, probably, be satisfied with a single specimen.

Zum andenken  
der hier ruhenden theuren  
Hulle von  
**CAPTAIN OTTO H. MARTENS.**

Ebenfalls ruhet hier die  
Hulle von  
**OTTO HEINRICH,**  
Söhnchen von Captain Otto H.

Hat der tod uns gleich geschieden  
Unsre Freundschaft schied er nicht;  
Liebet wohl, Ihr meine Lieben,  
Unsre Liebe stirbt ya nicht.

We venture to give it thus, in our vernacular:

A memento,  
That here rests  
The mortal part of  
**CAPTAIN OTTO H. MARTENS.**  
Here, too, are the remains of  
**OTTO HENRY,**  
Infant son of Captain Otto H.

Though death our lives has parted,  
It breaks not friendship's chain.  
Farewell! the faithful-hearted  
Will live and love again.

West and south-west from the German grounds, lie the PUBLIC Lots. Of these, two are surrounded by iron rails, while the rest are bordered by live hedges not yet grown. One of the lots is subdivided into plots, each of which admits two graves. The others are devoted to interments made singly. Nearly every foot of this ground, as a glance of the eye will show, is now appropriated. We are free to confess that there is no portion of the whole Cemetery which we contemplate with livelier interest. No other portion of the grounds, we may safely say, has been trod so often by the feet of true mourners, or has drunk so freely the tears of unaffected grief.

Walk now, with sympathizing bosom, and with an eye too kind to be fastidious, through this close-planted garden of the dead.

Public Lot No. 295 fronts upon Lawn Avenue, and adjoins the German enclosure.— Amid other memorials, we notice one, reared by a friend, to Robert R. Hathaway, for seve-

ral years the physician of the Sailor's Retreat upon Staten Island.

South of this is Public Lot numbered 1238 and 1669. It is nearly filled. That seeming coffin bears the name of Amelia Colini. It is of red sandstone. A small marble book lies upon one of these little graves—the humble and only monument of John K. Bennett.

In Public Lot 1821, we notice the small obelisk of Adolphus Loss, and a larger structure of the same kind over the grave of Wm. H. Hobbs, who died, as we thus learn, "far from the home of his youth," but not unfriended. In the same lot are memorials to Jas. L. Reid, to John Sayre, Heinrich F. Kanenbley, Mary E. Pennisten, M. A. Webber. The last is a composite structure of the coarse red sandstone. The brown stone block supporting a marble writing desk, is the memorial of William L. Prall. The lettered scroll, the standish and pen, denote his occupation, and proclaim the merits of the man.

Public Lot 1289 lies next upon the west, and still farther, in the same direction, is No. 951. In both of these we perceive many names of foreign origin, mingled with those of our countrymen. Near the centre of Lot 951, upon a horizontal slab, may be read the name of Piero Maroncelli. See Part II., page 34.

Not far from the lowly grave of the poor Italian exile, we find a flat monument, "Sacred to the memory of Dinah Depuy, an eminent saint, who died in New-York, March, 1846, aged 74 years. Born a slave, converted by the grace of God at an early age, she continued, during a period of more than fifty years, a faithful witness to the power of the gospel. Although poor and despised among men, like her divine Master, she went about doing good, and presented a striking example, both in life and death, of the veracity of that promise of our Lord—'Them that honor me I will honor.' "

West of this is Public Lot 871. It will be distinguished, at once, by its hedge of arbor

vitæ. Upon a horizontal marble in this enclosure, we read that "Captain Frederick Downer Hodges, late of the 32nd Regiment of the British Army, died in New-York, 1845, aged 39 years."

Public Lot 2229 is on the north of that last named, and then comes 1817. One flat stone in this lot records the name of "N. H. Bannister, Dramatist and Comedian." The following words of a greater "Dramatist" are cut upon the stone:

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow!  
If it be now, it is not to come. If it be not to come, it will be now;  
If it be not now, yet it will come.

The readiness is all."

A low marble denotes the grave of Henry A. Casparo, "A Polish Patriot and Exile."

In many of these enclosures, and especially in this, one cannot fail to notice numerous little mementoes of humble affection. Such are—the small stone on which some fond parent reads "Our little Fred."—or that which re-

minds an affectionate family of their "dear Jane";—such the perishable plaster-cast—the frail tablet of painted wood—the vines, bent and twisted over some infant grave—and the flowers, which a pious grief has so tenderly planted upon many of these mounds. Let not Taste be offended at the rudeness of the inscriptions, or at the fragile simplicity which reigns among these memorials of the poor.—They have "done what they could."

" Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

At the junction of Lawn Avenue with Glade, may be seen a square lot, enclosed, which belongs to the Brooklyn Lodge No. 26, of Odd-Fellows. It contains many graves.

Nearly opposite to the Odd Fellows' enclosure, and north of Lawn Avenue, is the lot of Abraham and Squires. A marble obelisk

within bears some masonic symbols, and below these are the following lines:

“Here let the green Acacia wave  
O'er the grave  
Of the true master mason,  
And to the mourner's heart  
Here impart  
Sweet Hope and Consolation.”

On looking round for this tree of comfort, we see only spruces, larches, pines, &c. Very strange this! Is the green Acacia gone, or was it never planted?

Edwin A. Noyes, Stephen Van Allen, James Montgomery, Mary D. Lawson, Thos. Bridgeman, and others may be seen in the vicinity of these evergreens. On the east stands the brown-stone monument of John Moffat. Hannah Osborn, Geo. and Jane Glass, William Martin, Jane A. Carroll, Frederick Down, Susannah Manwaring, Henry Cable and wife, lie upon the left of Lawn Avenue. Here too are several rectangular enclosures, in which the

names and inscriptions are, for the most part, German.

For carriages, the route will now be southward by Lawn Avenue, while pedestrians will take Ridge Path, leading along Central Ridge. A slender obelisk of gray granite rises from one of the summits of Myrtle Hill, on the left of the Avenue. It stands on the beautiful ground of John W. Livingston. A charming landscape lies below and around it. Stand now on the southern side of this mound, while we briefly point out the monuments in sight. On the right, at some distance, stand two headstones and an obelisk. The smaller of these marks the resting-place of Anastasie Feusier, and has a French poetic epitaph. The stone in front is Jean B. Maniort's. Thos. Moran lies beneath the obelisk. A circular lot in the rear contains a horizontal tablet thus inscribed: "Thomas W. Oldfield, sixth son of T. H. B. Oldfield, author of 'The History of Parliaments,' &c. Born at Grotto House, Isle of Thanet, England. Died

1848, at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." A little beyond is the memorial of Sarah James; and nearly in front, Abby E. Tinker, Geo. Von Bremen, Friederick Beckstein, rest beneath the trees.

The three low stones just below us head the graves of John K., Sarah and Eliza Cowperthwait. This unenclosed tablet, resting on pillars, is the monument of Robert and Elisabeth Glassey, natives of Ireland. To the east may be seen the names of Boynton, Kent, Wyckoff. Mary Ann Beard and several children lie beneath that marble monument at the foot of Lawn Girt Hill. The brown stone before it is for Sarah A. Brice. The marble next commemorates John Brice and his wife Elisabeth. Across the Tour may be seen Margaret and Eliza Suydam, John Mayher, Thos. Donaldson, James Miller and wife (a Gothic headstone), and Jane Morrow. In the rear of these are Lewis Angevine, Catharine Taylor and Henry King, (a table monument).

We will now step over to that funereal temple and renew our observations there. This supernal sepulchre is a massive and durable structure of granite. Four fluted columns at each end sustain a projecting pediment. The style is Doric. Besides the room within, there is a vault below the floor; over the door appears the name—"Norsworthy."

From the gentle eminence on the west of Norsworthy, and close to it, we will renew our observations. In the circular enclosure hard by, owned by Mrs. M. Brainard and Mrs. E. M. Duffield, is a tall Gothic monument of coarse sandstone.

On the green declivity below us, you will find the names of John and Geo. W. Brown, Isaac Fountain, Jane Rhodes, Susan Irwin, Jane Logan, Eliza Hunt (with a sculptured figure), Isabella Isaacs (brown stone), Otis W. Clapp (marble obelisk), Sarah Faulkner, Matthew and Mary Vassar, and John M. Secor, (an obelisk of marble).

On the opposite declivity, being the eastern

side of Locust Hill, may be seen Gillean's low monument of sandstone — "Little Kitty's" little obelisk — and the memorial of Adolphe Hypolite Doraismes and Felicite Honore Boneval — and Jas. M. Forrester's neat brown headstone. Beyond the Tour, at the base of Crescent Hill, you may see a tall marble obelisk on which are borne the names and relationships of three Smiths and of Harriet Crummond. Geo. and W. W. Meiggs are next. Then comes Mary O'Connor, in a large circular inclosure.

Look now toward the east. That headstone near the little larch is Marg. Henry's. The solitary marble beyond it is inscribed with the name of Crines Du Bois. The twin names of Emma and Anna Gunning adorn the handsome headstone next beyond. Then a wooden box of plaster. Lydia P. P. Harding is higher up. Willie Blanck, Rothert, Lucy Amanda Livermore, set. 23. The epitaph implies that this young lady's gifts in music or poetry, were of no common order. Mary Wood, John

Davis. That tall granite monument is nameless — and so is the marble headstone by its side.

A few steps southwardly from this point will place us on the top of Fountain Hill. Here is an elliptic basin of ample capacity, into which a supply is forced from Sylvan Water, and from which the sparkling element is conveyed by pipes to various and distant parts of the ground. We will walk round it, keeping it on the left. Charming scene! Look about you and enjoy it.

Here is Sarah Smith Rice—a short pillar. The circular lot below is prepared for the prosperous family of Lottimer, Large, and Edey. Lewis Roche—a low headstone. Farther down is Daniel Egan, in A. J. Berry's large circular enclosure. That marble obelisk, unenclosed, bears the names of Park H. Lane, James and Saml. D. Vanderbilt, and Matthias Bloodgood. Near this stands a lofty marble column with ornamented capital—to mark the final resting-place of Christian G. Gunther and family. The marble obelisk beyond is Sarah

Houghton's, and the pillar near it bears the name of Remsen." Charles C. Williams—a short square column; William Woodhull—a Gothic headstone. Rachel M. Crawford and Barrent Lefferts may be seen still farther on. Before us is an obelisk terminating in an urn. It is the monument of Caroline Adams. Geo. Clyde, (a short obelisk). Robt. A. Graham, Thos. Smith, and others are interred below.

Walk now in an easterly direction, until you stand on the summit of Chapel Hill. This fine eminence, as its name imports, is set apart for a religious structure. Let us hope that an erection, both useful and ornamental, will not be long delayed.

We will keep along the TOUR, having Hill-Girt Lawn upon our right. Here, on John Heney's headstone, is some sculpture. The next stone commemorates three infant children of Elisha and Matilda Brooks. The design is quaint—the epitaph is not unpleasing. That it may continue to be so—pray, good people, similarly afflicted, do not copy it!

"With sorrowing hearts we laid them here,  
And felt, when all was ~~over~~,  
Our home had three bright angels less,  
And Heaven three angels more."

Henry Brooks has a large monument, and Alfred Mason, a small one. Mary P. Many and Olive Mills are on the right. A small granite prism stands on the left. There is an inscription there. If you can make it out, you will do more than we did. Margaret Lynch and Samuel H. Clark—the latter, a brown stone. John T. Johnson—an obelisk. Garrat Noel Bleecker—a low table monument. Hannah and Robert M. Thompson. James and Sarah Hunter lie beneath flat tablets on our right. The small obelisk at some distance west, is John Horney's. Jacob A. Jones and Georgiana F. Dealing—round-topped headstones. On the latter is some poetry. Read it.

That tall structure with two hexagonal portions and an urn, has as many names as sides. Here they are: "Kauth, Kreischer, Schilling, Schaffer, Ruppert, Fincke." Wilson's

monument rises next. Abigail Studwell and Anna Heyer Clark—these are headstones. Henry M. Cone, on the left—this is a cross. Ransom G. Williams has an obelisk and draped urn. Sarah Ann Laton has a tall and costly marble column. Beyond and below, on the brow of Crescent Water, is the obelisk of Nathan S. Hollister.

From this point let us descend by Glen Avenue, and turn to the left into Dale, leaving Crescent Water, with its logs and stumps and bushes,—its mosses and its wildness, on the right; or we may attain the same object by taking Highwood Path—and this will give us the advantage of seeing a very extraordinary fence. This admirable piece of wirework is on the right of the path and near its entrance. Beyond Crescent Water you may perceive a marble monument. It consists of die and obelisk with vine sculpture on the corners. It bears the name of Abby Champion Bliss, and stands in the large round enclosure of Ely, Law, Bliss and Merritt. The surroundings of

this hollow, and particularly its eastern and south-eastern side, are delightfully shaded and charmingly quiet.

Passing by the entrance of Vernal Avenue, we keep to the right in Dale. Gerherdus C. Langdon—a low marble on our right. There is no inscription on that pentagonal column of marble. It stands in the ground of Stevens, Griffith, Eaton and Wilmarth. Ellen Cook—a horizontal tablet. There is a freestone tomb front apparently double, though having but one room. It belongs to the Messrs. Parkin. Shiff is next—a granite structure—plain but exceedingly compact and durable. On the right is Dale Water. You may not be able to see it, but if you push in among those bushes you will be sure to wet your feet.

Keeping still to the left, you enter Southwood Avenue, and soon come to Locust. Here is another delightful opening with vistas of beauty. That little stone on the right is for Johanna Hinrich Von Thun. That obelisk with a cross, some ten or twelve rods distant, marks the

resting-place of Pierre Elie Pradéres, a native of Cuba. In front of it is a pond called Forest Water.

We proceed easterly by Locust Avenue. Here is Acanthus Path, which leads to and by the oval-shaped column of Joseph Winterbotham — and here, on the left, is Woodland Avenue. Perhaps you will like to take a nearer look at that headstone which stands a few rods up this Avenue. Sarah L. Parker, a young wife, sleeps below, and has her infant with her. Would you know how she looked? There is her daguerreotype — doubly glazed and set in stone.

Take a few steps to the east and you will be in Circlet Path. The lot of John W. Holberton contains several memorials. John Carpenter was the son of Rev. Alex. R. Thompson. Near by is John W. Nicoll. Frances Gray was a baby, and her monument is adorned with sculpture and poetry. Chas. and Eliza Lee and Emma Brandt are near. Jane Maria Wallace — an urn. Then, Mary Harper

and Brittain Lawrence Woolley. Look at the grave of Eliza Taylor. There is at this moment a beautiful arch of roses stretching quite across the little enclosure. The mason who put up the stone deserves neither praise nor business. J. Ward Brown—this is a small obelisk. Fanning S. Worth, Patrick Ryan Hastings, Sarah C. Sprague, John Kniskern, Wm. Robinson, Harmanus H. Barkuloo, John C. Freeke and Maria Bell, Cornelia, Maria, and Ida Suydam, Emily A. Bard, Margaretta Wyckoff, and Geo. W. Gedney, are passed successively, as we follow the graceful sweep of Cedar Dell.

Turn now up Locust Avenue, and from the base or side of this unfinished sandstone structure, contemplate the landscape. Here may be seen few monuments. Van Blarcom, Morisson, Wiggins, Townley, Ryan and McCormick. A short walk eastward brings us next to Azalia Path, which will conduct to Union Avenue. Monuments in sight ahead show us where to go. The two stones in the larger

circle are for Chas. Booth, and Marg. H. Warner. Roger Willyams was a Norwegian. James C. Baldwin was an only boy. Angelo Schoonmaker was lost at sea. Geo. L. Walker — the lot unenclosed — the monument a poor imitation of Scipio's tomb. Two large marbles occupy the next lot. John Scorsur was an Austrian — Gerrit Martense was a member of the bar. Helen Mortense's lot is opposite and contains a number of small stones. Farther on upon the right is George Eldwin's memorial.

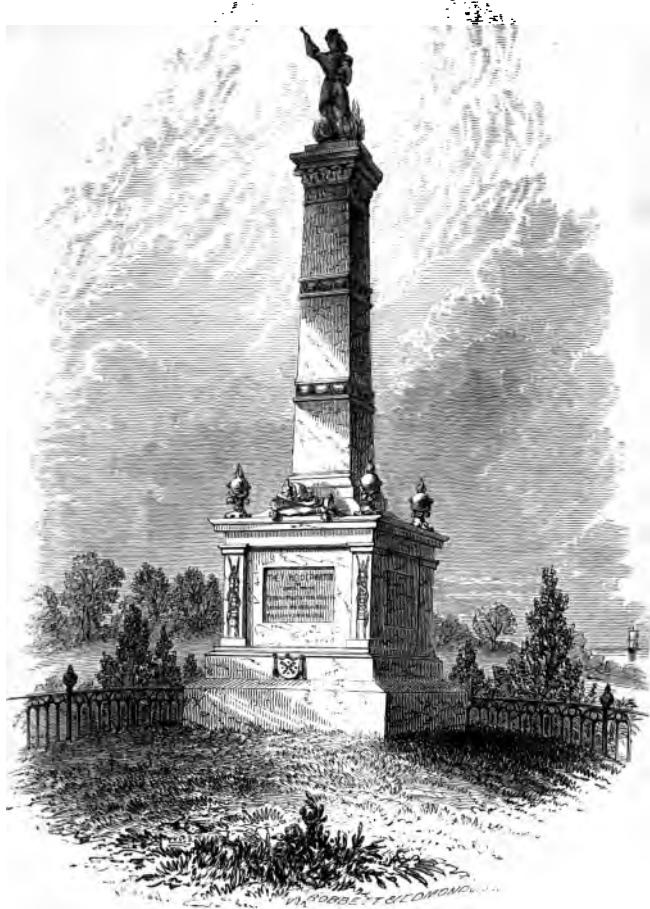
That handsome cottage before us is occupied by one of the employées. It stands near the southern entrance. If you choose to depart by this gate, you may return to New-York by way of Flatbush. This road for a short distance winds through a leafy covert of dense shade.

We shall return to the entrance by Summit Avenue. Thicket Pond, upon our left, well deserves its name. On Dale Avenue, and near the corner of Crescent Dell, you may see H. Patchen's granite tomb. Our next turn is to

the left, and we are again in the Tour. A horizontal tablet on the right has the name of James Holmes. J. L. Guire—this is a sort of shrine. There is an urn within on which rests a fireman's numbered cap, &c. A sculptured figure stands above, holding a lachrymatory to her eye, ready to catch the drops as they fall.

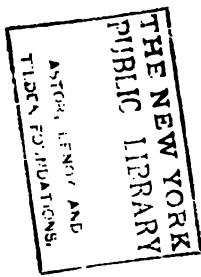
Standing on this spot, with the deep, and spacious, and shady amphitheatre of Crescent Dell behind and below us, and with that broad vista of beauty and splendor stretching away toward the north and west, let us contemplate, for a moment, these monuments of the "Firemen."

The large central enclosure belongs to the "Fire Department of the City of New-York." The monument which they have erected within it, is to be commemorative of those members who have lost, or who may lose, their lives in the discharge of their dangerous vocation.



THE FIREMEN'S MONUMENT.

Summit Avenue, near Tulip Hill.



## THE FIREMEN'S MONUMENT.

Ingenti mole sepulchrum  
Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque tubamque,  
Monte sub aero.

AEN. L. VI., v. 232.

The structure is ~~a~~ pyramidal, marble column, standing upon a massive pedestal of the same material, which ~~last~~ rests upon a granite base. The pillar is surmounted by the well-executed figure of a fireman. One arm surrounds and supports a child just rescued from the flame, which still pursues it. His right hand holds a trumpet. The attitude is spirited, and the general effect is very good. The column is ornamented with three decorated fillets. Upon four of the pilasters of the pedestal, and upon its upper surface, appear various representations, in relief, or in full, of implements and articles appertaining to the fireman's calling. His swinging engine-lantern, his trumpet and wreath-crowned cap, the hose

and hydrant, the hook and the ladder, may all be seen.

The monument of

#### H E N R Y F A R G I S

occupies a smaller enclosure on the south.— He was Assistant Foreman of the Southwark Engine Company, and lost his life at the fire in Duane-street, April 2d, 1848. His company erected the monument.

#### G E O R G E K E R R

was an Engineer of the New-York Fire Department, and perished in the same Duane-street fire. His monument is north of the central structure. The emblems of his calling are seen in relief upon the sides—and upon the top, are his coat and cap of duty—his lantern and trumpet—now forever laid aside.

The Engineers of the Department erected the monument.

On the south of the Firemen's ground, a small group of monuments asks our notice.



**FARGIS.**  
Summit Avenue, near Tulip Hill.



**KERR.**  
Summit Avenue, near Tulip Hill

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC

ASTOR  
TILEN

The obelisks are for Julia Derby and Sarah T. Sandford. The eight-sided column is Abm. Taylor's. Chas. Henry Taylor, Alex. and Sarah C. Birkbeck have headstones on our left. On Tulip Hill there is a large and pleasant enclosure belonging to several families. Upon memorials there may be seen the names of Wm. S. Mott, Mary ~~Turpin~~ Champney J. C. Whipple, Mary S. Plumfield, Henry C. Herbert and others.

By means of Orchard and Tulip Avenue we now regain the Tour. The large brown stone monument, which we soon leave on the right, belongs to De Forest. It is similar to Schenck's on Fern Hill.

A large obelisk, unenclosed, on Cedar Mound is commemorative of Amos G. Hull., M. D. Deborah Marsh and Charles Whitaker are near. In the ground of J. M. Stanton, Louisa rests beneath a small sarcophagus under the cedar. Julia Montague Bradley—this is a small obelisk in the open ground. Mary Bliss Bouck—a short column with a scroll thrown over its

broken top. A sandstone monument, not yet lettered, stands in the enclosure of Wm. John, and Alex. Shaw. Geo. Lewis—a low headstone. Geo. Hamilton Stout—a tall one. Antonio Narino Y. Limonta was from Cuba. Perrine Rosalie Guinand died by an accident. How much better if the epitaph had been correctly written in the native tongue of the mourning parents—rather than barbarously in ours. A stone near commemorates the children of Henri and Adelaide David.

That sepulchral temple of white marble, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the view, is S. P. Townsend's—a name of extensive notoriety. This spacious structure was "erected," as we learn from an inscription on the door, "to contain the remains of our dear little Emily."

We have now completed our survey of Green-Wood. Every spot of interest has been visited, and almost every memorial in it has been noticed. Of the great host now sleeping here, we have read a few names. The nu-

merous occupants of the tombs are, for the most part, unrecorded. Nameless thousands rest in the Public Lots. There are many private enclosures, whose grassy mounds are their only monuments. These we cannot designate — but let us not forget them. To bereaved affection, the spots where they repose are as important and as dear as those can be which speak to us in epitaphs and chiseled stone. Over them the bitter tear was shed — there stood the sad and silent circle — thither, stricken and solitary, the mourner still repairs. Would that we might think of this, as we tread these grief-consecrated grounds! Would that we might feel more frequently and more deeply how sacred and how solemn is the Genius of the Place!

Some instances have been noticed in which the well-known principles of taste, or sense, or grammar, are grossly violated. Let it not be imagined that this is done in levity — or with disrespect — or from a hypercritical spirit. Those who set up monuments here, present

them to the public eye. Year after year, so long as they shall stand, their forms and their inscriptions will be scrutinized by thousands. If absurd, they will be criticised—if ridiculous, they will be laughed at. By showing that some have been made the victims of ignorance and selfish cupidity, we would save others from the calamity. To depend for the design or the execution of a costly monument, on some uneducated worker in stone, is as unnecessary as it is unsafe. For the credit of this beautiful and well-ordered Cemetery, for the credit of a community which professes to be educated and enlightened, let us hope that such offences as those which we have felt compelled to notice, will hereafter be rare.

The writer of these pages has seen many fine Cemeteries both in this country and in other lands, and he knows no important respect in which Green-Wood is surpassed by any of them. In not a few particulars it is far beyond them all. May it never lose the peculiar excellences which have given it a

reputation so wide and so well-deserved !  
May no unworthy spirit ever debase its management ! Never—never may it cease to be the quiet, the beautiful, the undesecrated home of those who have done with earth !



## HISTORY OF GREEN-WOOD.

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THE history of institutions, like that of individuals, is, not unfrequently, a narrative of difficulties surmounted, and of success achieved at last by faith and perseverance. Such, at least, is that of GREEN-WOOD. As a matter of interesting and valuable record, we write a brief sketch of its rise and progress.

It would be gratifying could we name the individual who first suggested the project of a rural burying-ground in Brooklyn. The successful establishment of Mount Auburn Cemetery, in the vicinity of Boston, turned public attention to the subject, and, doubtless, led many to consider the desirableness and

the practicability of a similar enterprise for New-York. For some years before any public movement was made, it had been a subject of conversation and desire. The late excellent Jonathan Goodhue, in his frequent rides over what is now called Green-Wood, often conversed with his friend, Stephen Whitney, on the remarkable fitness of the grounds for the purpose of interment.

In a public lecture, delivered in Brooklyn, in or about the year 1835, Major D. B. Douglass introduced the subject of a Cemetery, and expressed the opinion that whenever such an enterprise should be entered upon, "with a proper estimate of its magnitude and importance, the hills back of Brooklyn would furnish, not only the best locality in this vicinity, but, probably, one of the finest in the world." On this point, no more competent judge could have been found;—since, in the capacity of Civil Engineer, he had minutely surveyed the whole vicinity of New-York.

It was not, however, till 1837, that any

actual steps were taken. The gentlemen through whose united agency the first act of incorporation was applied for and obtained, must not be forgotten. They were David B. Douglass, A. G. Hammond, G. G. Van Wagenen, Frederic Marquand, Henry E. Pierrepont, Pliny Freeman, and Joseph A. Perry.

The next measure of importance was that of selecting the ground. In what way this was done, Maj. Douglass thus informs us, in the first published statement made by the Institution:—

“The particular localization of the Cemetery precinct, was the result of a minute professional *reconnaissance* instituted soon after the passage of the first law. It embraced the entire range of hills, from near Bedford to near Yellow Hook—a distance of about four miles—was conducted with great quietness, without reference to any local or ex parte interests, and had no object (the writer may affirm with confidence,) but to ascertain the best possible location for the purpose, within these limits.

The site of the Cemetery, as now located, was the first chosen, in conformity with this principle. Judge Hammond, one of the commissioners for laying out the city, and Mr. Henry E. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, were the only persons associated with, or consulted by, the writer, while prosecuting these inquiries. These gentlemen were commissioners under the law, and among the most active and disinterested in promoting its objects; and to the latter particularly, the writer and the public are much indebted for his zealous and effective co-operation in the subsequent negotiations with the land proprietors."

Then came the business of buying the land. Most of the owners were found willing to enter into some reasonable arrangement. Yet there was much of tedious delay, and protracted negotiation, before the details were all completed. It was during this stage of the proceeding that an amendment of the charter was obtained. Under the first act, "the association took the form and character

of a joint-stock company." In no other way, it was then supposed, could the requisite funds be raised. It was now ascertained that the immediate demand for cash capital could be greatly reduced—by giving, in payment for the land, bonds, pledging the proceeds of the undertaking, to a certain amount. The result was another application to the Legislature, and a consequent enactment, placing "the Institution on the footing of an incorporated Public Trust." "Green-Wood Cemetery, therefore, as it now exists, is, in the fullest sense, a Public Institution, unconnected with any purposes of profit or gain to any individual whatever."

The professional work of surveying and laying out the ground was begun in the winter of 1838;—that of construction, dates from May, 1839. In October of this year, lots were first advertised for sale.

Early in 1841, Major Douglass, whose energies, and taste, and scientific skill had, from the first, been devoted to the interests of the Cemetery, accepted a call to a distant State,

and resigned his place as President of the Institution. That year proved to be one of great embarrassment in the affairs of the Cemetery. From the commencement of its chartered existence, it had experienced those hindrances and difficulties, which are so common to public enterprises, involving heavy expenditures—especially, when they are undertaken, as was the case with Green-Wood, at a time of commercial depression, and without the stimulating motive of private emolument. At the time referred to, these difficulties had become so great as to threaten the extinction of the Institution. But in 1842, by a vigorous effort, all these impediments were surmounted, and the grounds were actually opened for interments.

Leaving out a portion of the original selection, which could only be retained at unreasonable rates, one hundred and seventy-five acres were soon after enclosed. In the autumn of 1844, nine acres were added upon the Bay-side boundary. In 1847, the Cemetery was

extended on the south, by an addition of sixty-seven acres. This tract, not inferior in beauty and value to any part of the original ground, was purchased of John and Garret G. Bergen. Within the year 1849, about three acres have been added to the Cemetery on its south-western corner, thus making an aggregate of more than two hundred and fifty acres.

The present condition and prospects of the Institution are highly encouraging. The purchase of lots has increased steadily since the day on which the Cemetery actually went into operation. The improvement of the grounds has been carried on with a degree of judgment, of energy, and of industry, which those only can appreciate who have marked the daily operations, and their extraordinary results. Favored, as are these grounds by nature—favored indeed—and created, seemingly, for their present destination—they yet owe much to the eye and hand of man. One may often be reminded here of the language in which Charles Yorke alluded to the scenery of Prior

Park : "The natural beauties of wood, water, prospect, hill and vale, wildness and cultivation, make it one of the most delightful spots I ever saw, without adding anything from art. The elegance and judgment with which art has been employed, make one wonder how it could be so busy there, without spoiling anything received from nature."

In one or two respects, the improvements and arrangements of Green-Wood differ, it is believed, from those of most Cemeteries which preceded it in existence. One of these is, that the grading and final shaping of the ground precedes the disposition of the lots, and is, in no case, to be altered by the lot owners. The deforming effect of those little terraces and angular disturbances of the surface, which result from leaving this work to the taste and caprice of individuals, may be seen in any Cemetery which has disregarded this important, first principle. Throughout the whole of Green-Wood it will be found that Nature's own easy and graceful outline has been retained or restored.

Another distinguishing feature may be seen in the size and shape of the inclosures. A lot, indeed, here, as elsewhere, means a rectangular figure, containing a certain number of square feet; but the inclosures actually present almost every variety in size and in form. Numerous circular and elliptical plots give grace and diversity to the scene, and effectually exclude the mathematical stiffness and tiresome uniformity, which are inseparable from grounds arranged upon the plan of a chequer-board. It is not denied that, by the method adopted, a little space is sacrificed. Some close calculators could tell us exactly how much, and might compute its value to a mill. Let it go. We repudiate those notions of utility, which have no standard of appreciation but dollars and cents. It is enough for us, that what is lost for one purpose, is gained for another and a higher object.

We have referred to the size, as well as to the shape of the enclosed spaces. From the narrow limits of a single grave, to the

plot that may contain a whole congregation of the dead, Green-Wood offers every variety and extent of accommodation. Is room required for a single interment? It is furnished in a neat and well-kept inclosure;—the name and the place being recorded, and so exactly defined, that they may be identified, instantly, at any future day, however distant. In other inclosures, spaces for two may be secured. Sometimes the regular lot of 300 feet is taken by two or by four individuals, who divide the ground among themselves, and thus reduce the expense. Here, too, large households, kindred or allied, families, national, benevolent and religious associations, have found, or may still find, the most ample accommodations.

This Cemetery owes no small portion of its unexampled growth and success, to its having enjoyed from the first, the supervision of wise, able, and liberal-minded Trustees. With the manner in which its *daily* management and care have been conducted, the public

are well acquainted. With what diligence and devotion--what skill and efficiency--these duties have been discharged, let those say, who have watched the entire progress of the Institution, and who, in the space of seven short years, have seen it expand into the most extensive and the most beautiful of all Rural Cemeteries.



**Officers of the Corporation.**

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ROBERT RAY, *President.*

HENRY E. PIERREPONT, *Vice-President.*

J. A. PERRY, *Comptroller and Secretary.*

**Trustees.**

ROBERT RAY,	GEORGE GRISWOLD,
WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL,	WILLIAM S. WETMORE
JACOB R. LE ROY,	CYRUS P. SMITH,
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	A. G. HAMMOND,
RUSSEL STEBBINS,	JOHN H. PRENTICE,
G. G. VAN WAGENER,	PLINY FREEMAN,
WM. AUGUSTUS WHITE,	HENRY E. PIERREPONT,
J. A. PERRY.	

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**Surveyor.**

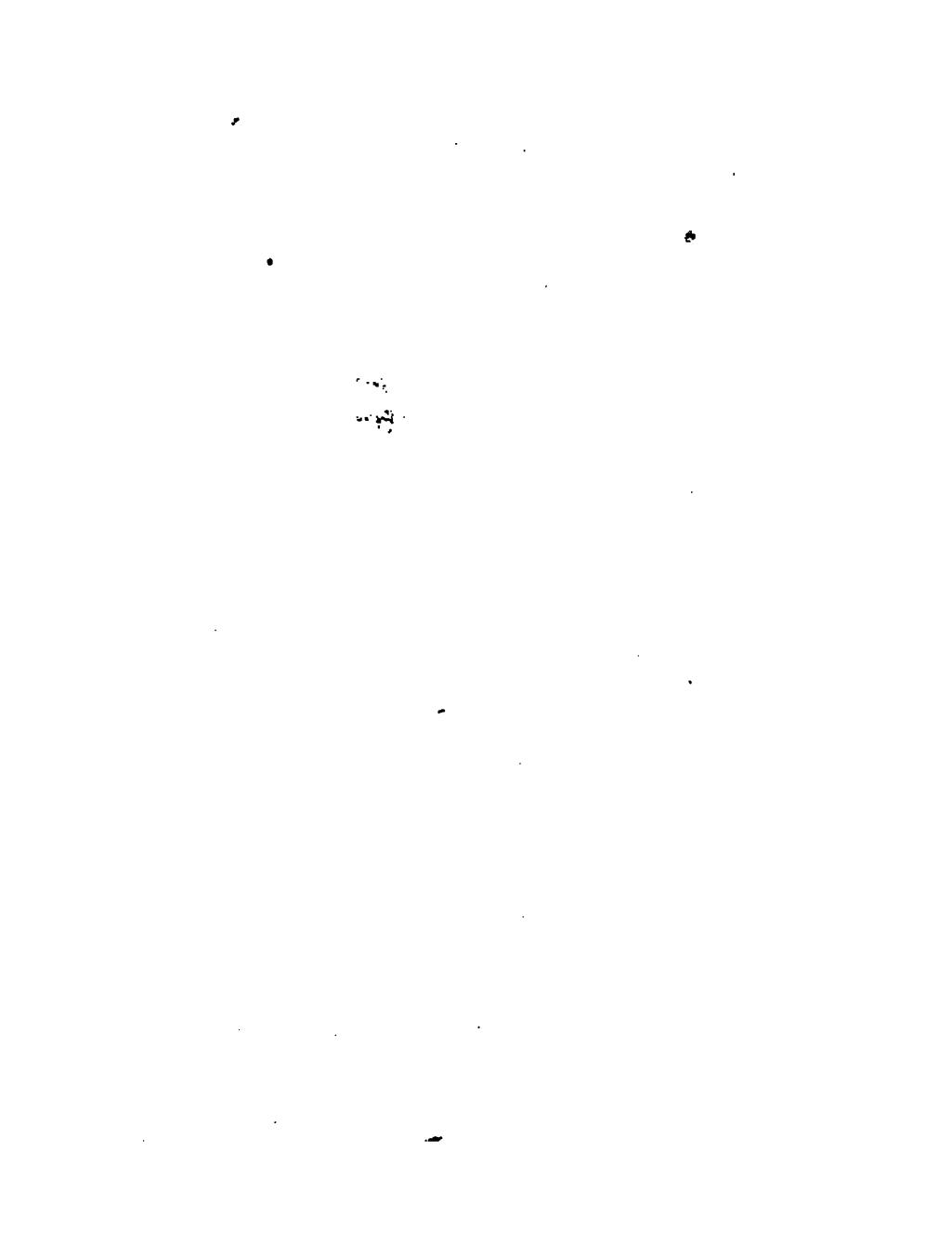
LINDSAY J. WELLS.

**Keeper of the Grounds,**

WILLIAM SCRIMGEOUR.

**Superintendent of the Workmen,**

GEORGE BIRRELL.



## PROVISIONS OF THE CHARTER.

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THE Act of Incorporation embraces every desirable provision for the protection, permanence, and proper government of the Institution.

It directs that the affairs of the Corporation shall be managed by a Board of fifteen Trustees, to be chosen by the lot owners from among their own number; each owner of a plot of land, not less than 300 superficial feet, to be entitled to a vote. It directs the Trustees so chosen, to be divided into three equal classes; one class, in rotation, to be elected every two years, for the term of six years, with the privilege of re-election indefinitely.

It authorizes and directs the land acquired by the Corporation to be disposed of and used exclusively for the burial of the dead.

It exempts such lands forever from assessments and public taxes, and also from liability to be sold ~~on~~ execution, or for the payment of debts by assignment under any insolvent law, and provides for the termination of all avenues and streets at the boundaries of the Cemetery.

It requires that the proceeds of all sales of lots shall be applied to the purchase, preservation, improvement, and embellishment of the Cemetery, and to the incidental expenses thereof, ~~AND TO NO OTHER PURPOSE WHATEVER.~~

[Under this provision, a Fund will be formed, the interest of which will be adequate, after all the lots shall have been disposed of, to insure the perpetual care of the grounds and improvements, whether belonging to lot owners or to the Institution.]

It authorizes the Corporation to receive upon trust, any donation or bequest for the

purpose of improving or embellishing the Cemetery generally, or any cemetery lot, and for the erection, preservation, and renewal of any monumental structure and inclosure.

It provides for the punishment of any person who shall deface, mutilate, or otherwise injure any monument, inclosure, or shrubbery in the grounds, and also for the payment of any damages which may, in consequence, be sustained.



SALES OF LOTS.

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It will be perceived, from the foregoing provisions of the Charter,

That purchasers of lots acquire not merely the privilege of burial, but also the fee simple of the ground which they purchase;

That they are the sole proprietors of the Cemetery;

That by their vote in the election of Trustees, they control the government of the Institution;

That, as all the receipts of the Institution must be expended in the purchase, improvement, and preservation of the grounds, no speculative interest can conflict with the wishes of lot owners respecting its management;

That, as all the resources will be thus appropriated, either immediately, or in the

ultimate formation of a fund, the interest of which shall be annually appropriated as required, ample provision is made for the perpetual embellishment and preservation of the grounds;

That, as the ground is exempt from public taxes, and from liability for debt, and is sold in lots which are not subject to assessment, or annual charge, the proprietors can never be forcibly deprived of their ground.

Purchasers may choose from all unselected ground, not reserved for public monuments or other special uses. Mounds and hills, and places requiring peculiar improvements, will be sold, however, only in the forms and dimensions suggested by the agents of the Institution.

The Surveyor or Keeper will always be at the grounds to aid those wishing to purchase.

The price of an ordinary Burial Lot is \$110, and in proportion for any additional fractional dimensions. When, however, *four* or more lots are taken at one time, by one or

more persons, *in a group*, they are sold at \$90 each. Smaller plots, but not less than a half lot, will be sold at proportionate rates. These prices include all charges for grading and keeping in order. No charge will be made for any work unless especially ordered by lot owners.

The enlargement of families, and the desire which is naturally felt to be laid with one's kindred at death, often render it desirable to secure more than an ordinary lot. To facilitate this object a lower price is fixed where four or more lots are taken in one place.

Large plots also admit of superior improvements, while the expense of inclosure is proportionately reduced, as the plot is enlarged.\*

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*The railing required for 1 lot is about			80 feet,
"	"	2 lots	108 "
"	"	4 lots in a circle,	136 "
"	"	6 "	167 "
"	"	8 "	193 "
"	"	10 "	216 "
"	"	20 "	306

The cost of a vault under ground, together with the price of a lot, will about suffice to purchase *four* lots, to inclose which, requires but fifty-six feet more of railing than is needed for a single lot. Where four lots are inclosed together in a square or oblong form, the expense for each lot is *one half less* than if separately inclosed. If in a circle, the difference is still greater.

The advantages of large plots compared with vaults or single lots, are now generally appreciated. Many of the beautiful hills and knolls, which are found in the Cemetery, may be separately inclosed, without incurring much more expense than will be necessary to inclose a single lot. More space is thus obtained for interments, as well as for the adornment of the grounds with shrubbery and flowers. It prevents, also, that excessive and unsightly crowding together of monuments which prevails where single lots only are laid out, and greatly aids in preserving the rural character of the Cemetery.

The size of each lot is 12 by 25 feet, containing 300 superficial feet, in addition to which a foot is allowed on the margin all around, for purposes of inclosure, making the plot, in effect, 14 by 27 feet, and containing 378 superficial feet. Around each lot, when sold separately, and around each group of lots when sold as above, a space of three or four feet is always allowed.

The form of the lot varies according to circumstances, depending upon the peculiar surface of the ground, and the character of the improvements contemplated. Thus, lots are given in circular, square, oblong, octagonal, or oval form, as the circumstances of each case render desirable.

Proprietors may dispose of their lots, and have the transfer recorded on the books of the Company, by the payment of one dollar for each transfer.

INTERMENTS.

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A RECEIVING TOMB is provided at the Cemetery, for the accommodation of those who intend to purchase lots. Twenty days from the time of interment are allowed for making the selection and removing the remains. When the improvement of a lot, or other circumstances, may make it necessary, a reasonable extension of the time will be granted. Interments made in the winter season may remain until the weather in the spring will admit of selections being made. The remains of persons who have died in consequence of contagious diseases, cannot be admitted into the Tomb. Such may be placed in the lot appropriated for single interments, until the selection of a family plot can be made.

This Tomb is situated on Willow Avenue, near the entrance to the Cemetery, and is

well adapted to the purpose for which it is built. The floor is level with the Avenue, (the front being entirely above ground,) affording convenient access at all times. The interior is plastered with cement, and comprises eight apartments, each with doors, which are entered from a light and well-ventilated passage-way. All of the apartments are fitted up with shelves, so as to render unnecessary the usual practice of heaping the coffins upon each other.

At the time of deposit, the coffins are all numbered, and a registry made of them, with the view to distinguish them readily when finally removed, and thus prevent their being previously disturbed. In this, as in all arrangements pertaining to interments, care is taken to avoid everything that might be unpleasant to the feelings of relatives and friends, and to consult, as far as practicable, their peculiar wishes and views. No charge is made for the use of the tomb, except one dollar each time it is opened. In cases of removal from

the Cemetery, however, a charge will be made of ten dollars each for adults, and five dollars for children.

RECEIVING TOMBS. are also provided as follows :

One at the Carmine Street Cemetery, near Varick Street.

One in the Baptist Church in Sixteenth Street, near Eighth Avenue.

One in the grounds of St. Mark's Church, Stuyvesant Street, near Second Avenue.

A charge of five dollars is made for each interment in these tombs, to be paid at the time of interment; when removed, however, to the Cemetery, three dollars will be repaid by the Cemetery Institution.

#### PUBLIC LOTS.

Single graves may be procured in Lots of three kinds.

FIRST. In Lots inclosed by a hedge, at ten dollars each for adults; and five dollars each for children under ten years of age.

SECOND. In Lots inclosed by an iron railing, at fifteen dollars each for adults, and seven dollars and fifty cents for children under ten years of age.

THIRD. In Lots inclosed by a hedge, where any number of contiguous graves, *not less than two*, may be had at twelve dollars and fifty cents each for adults, and one half that sum for children under ten years of age.

In all these cases the usual charge for opening the grave is included in the prices named.

In Lots of the *first* and *second* classes no monuments can be allowed excepting slabs laid upon the graves, or thick head-stones, not exceeding nine inches in height above the graves. Neither slabs nor head-stones may be more than two feet wide for adults, and eighteen inches for children. In lots of the *third* class, small monuments may be erected, sufficient space being provided for one monument to each plot of two graves. In all cases they must rest upon a stone foundation at least six feet deep.

Graves purchased in any of the public lots, may be used for other interments, (provided that no coffin be less than four feet under the surface,) by paying the usual cost of opening graves, as hereafter mentioned. If Lots should afterwards be purchased, the full cost of the grave vacated will be allowed, after deducting the expenses for originally opening the ground, and for the disinterment of the remains. Tickets, admitting a family, on foot, at all proper times, are given to all who purchase graves.

## TOMBS.

Permanent interments may be procured in Tombs erected for the purpose, at fifteen dollars each. For children under twelve years of age, seven dollars and fifty cents; under two years, five dollars.

## RULES CONCERNING VISITORS.

Each proprietor of a lot is entitled to a ticket of admission into the Cemetery with a vehicle, under the following regulations, the violation of which, or a loan of the ticket, involves a forfeiture of the privilege:

1. No vehicle, or person on foot, will be admitted unless accompanied by a proprietor, or a member of his household, without a special ticket of admission, obtained at the office of the Cemetery.
2. Children will not be admitted unless with their parents, or with persons having them specially in charge; nor will schools, and other large assemblages of persons be admitted.
3. On Sundays and holidays the gates will be closed. Proprietors of lots, however, and

persons accompanying them, will be admitted on foot by applying to the Keeper at the Lodge.

4. None but lot owners and their households will be admitted on horseback, and they only by obtaining a special ticket of admission at the office of the Cemetery.

5. No vehicle will be allowed to pass through the grounds at a rate exceeding four miles the hour.

6. No persons having refreshments of any kind will be permitted to come within the grounds, nor will any smoking be allowed.

7. Persons having baskets or any like articles, and those having dogs, must leave them in charge of the Porter.

8. No horse may be left by the driver in the grounds unfastened.

9. All persons are prohibited from picking any flowers, either wild or cultivated, or breaking any tree, shrub, or plant.

10. All persons are prohibited from writing upon, defacing, or injuring any monument, fence

or other structure, in or belonging to the Cemetery.

11. Any person disturbing the quiet and good order of the place by noise, or other improper conduct, or who shall violate any of the foregoing rules, will be compelled instantly to leave the grounds.

12. The Porter is charged to prohibit the entrance of all improper persons; and also those who at any time shall have willfully transgressed the regulations of the Cemetery, although presenting tickets.

13. The gates will be opened at sunrise, and closed (for entrance) at sunset.

14. No money may be paid to the Porter or any other person in the employ of the Institution, in reward for any personal service or attentions.

Visitors are reminded that these grounds are sacredly devoted to the interment of the Dead, and that a strict observance of all that

is proper in a place devoted to such an object, will be required of all who visit it.

The Keeper of the Grounds, having been appointed by His Honor the Mayor of Brooklyn a special Marshal, is authorized and directed to remove all who violate these ordinances, or commit trespasses. Trespassers are also liable to criminal prosecution, and to a fine of fifty dollars, and will also be subjected to pay such damages, and to repair such injuries, as they may have occasioned.











